

No. 1.

January : 1920

Vol. 1.

Winfred Voiburg

Music & Letters

A Quarterly Publication

CONTENTS

The Shyness of Beauty: a poem	Laurence Binyon
Sir Edward Elgar (with portrait by William Rothenstein)	G. Bernard Shaw
On Listening to Music	A. Clutton Brock
The Future of the English Song, I.	H. Plunket Greene
Music in Country Churches	Sydney H. Nicholson
Sailor Shanties, I.	R. R. Terry
Old Keyed Instruments and their Music	Violet Gordon Woodhouse
Words to Music	Harold Monro
Leopold Mozart	W. Warde Fowler
The Stranger	Cecil Forsyth

Current Topics:—Rome, Paris, London.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION 12/6
SINGLE COPIES, 3/6 EACH; POSTAGE, 21d.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor by
BARNICOTT & PEARCE, THE WESSEX PRESS, TAUNTON

On Sale at 18, BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

ML
5



A
126
P/45

MUSIC AND LETTERS

Copyright by Barnicott and Pearce, 1919.

*Communications for the Editor to be addressed to A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS,
3, King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C. 4; for the Manager, to THE
MANAGER, "Music and Letters," 18, Berners Street, W. 1.*

Music and Letters

JANUARY, 1920.

VOLUME I.

NUMBER 1.

EDITORIAL

EVERY journal that is born into the world aspires to be a journal-in-chief. Yet of all things that are born a journal-in-chief is most made. When journals-in-chief are born the world is unconscious of any change. No Mrs. Gamp, says Sir Ali Baba, has ever leant over the banister and declared to the expectant editor below that it was "a fine healthy journal-in-chief." Therefore a journal-in-chief is not like a poem. But when such aspirations have faded into the light of common day, when the world has not been shaken and the epoch has not been made and when the child is seen to be much like other children, the man turns out to be no more than other men. The grown journal has a purpose, no doubt, but its successive numbers happen, like half-holidays in the country where sights we never dreamed of make us happy and flowers we hoped to gather are out of bloom. And when its turn comes to cease upon the midnight, a thousand hearts heave a sigh, a hundred readers bind up a set of untidy volumes, a dozen librarians finish the entry in their catalogue, dust settles once more upon the shelves and there is peace.

These serious thoughts were suggested by the reflection that it is just six years over the century since the first musical quarterly in the English language was born and six since the last one died. Between these there have been half a dozen, but their united ages have amounted to a bare fifty years. So that a musical quarterly may have a merry life but is evidently a thing that people get tired of in time. A cynic has told us that the public is a goose from which every man plucks a feather; but this record seems to show that the musical public has not been much of a goose. It may yet become one, however, and lay golden eggs. For there can be little

doubt that this generation makes more music and thinks more about it than its predecessor. As travel becomes easier there begins to be in music, the most intimate of the arts, a real *commercium mentis et rerum*—an exchange of pertinent thought, and of this the increasing number and improved standard of books and periodicals are evidence.

The title may remind us that there was once a State the education of whose citizens consisted in letters, music, and gymnastic, and that this association of letters and music is of the essence of the thing; for music expresses, defines and communicates emotions as language does thoughts, though the language of emotion differs from the language of thought in that usage usurps the place of logic and fancy takes precedence of fact. Perhaps our statesmanship may yet succeed in putting music back into her rightful position, though it is dealing with a more intricate matter than Plato had before him. The song was then a personal message from one man to another; now it may involve as many as ten steps. Its personality is put in commission, and "music" means many things: we have to call in "letters" to tell us what it does mean.

Again, to couple "music" with "letters," or literature, is to suggest that there is a closer link between poetry and music than between any other two arts; their methods are so clearly analogous that in speaking of one we often seem, as Mr. Monro seems here, to be explaining the other. And, since "letters" includes prose, it is to hint also that music is a subject of rational enquiry like any other, that we need not approach it in a parochial spirit, nor need we be so busy with ideas as to be careless of words.

But ideas come first; and these pages are open to specialists of all kinds. To the antiquarian who knows, like Mrs. Woodhouse, that music lives not in fascinating volumes and strange characters but on the lips and in the hearts of men and women; to the theorist or the moralist who will take Mr. Forsyth's hint; to the composer who is sure that music is for all time and not only for the moment; to the artist who has thought, like Mr. Plunket Greene, as well as sung or played: always to those who can write from experience and sometimes to those who experience in order that they may write. In music, and in this country, there are more minds that think than voices that allow themselves to be heard. Let us hear some of these thinkers.

It would be a pleasant exercise to forecast the programme of such an undertaking. But if a journal is just a day's outing, then it is a thing that no one knows much about beforehand. It is even better not to know too much. There are worse ways of beginning a holiday than to ask the ticket clerk if he knows of any good place

to spend a day at, and if he enters into the spirit of the thing, to take his advice, which will at least be unprejudiced. If it turns out to have been good advice we may go there again. And indeed, a musical journal has less need than others of a defined policy. Art has always been a matter of the individual; government by committee usually kills it. It may happen that two writers will take exactly opposite views and yet convey a good deal of truth if they are sincere. "Nature," said Aristoxenus, "has ordered the concordance of sounds in a wonderful way; and in this order each instrument takes part as best it can."

Room will be found here for papers both longer and shorter than those between these actual covers. Writers who shrink from the full-dress of an article may prefer to appear in the Norfolk jacket of a letter. There will be a page for Notes and Queries if any are forthcoming. The harpsichord piece of Mr. Delius may be the precursor of other compositions by living composers.

Warm thanks are due to Mr. William Rothenstein for his portrait of Sir Edward Elgar, the first of a series of four portraits of English musicians the copyright of which he lends to this journal. Three hundred collotype reproductions of this portrait—numbered, on hand-made paper, and a little larger in size—have been prepared by Mr. Emery Walker and may be ordered at 18, Berners Street. The three other portraits, beginning with one of Dr. Vaughan Williams, will be treated in a similar way.

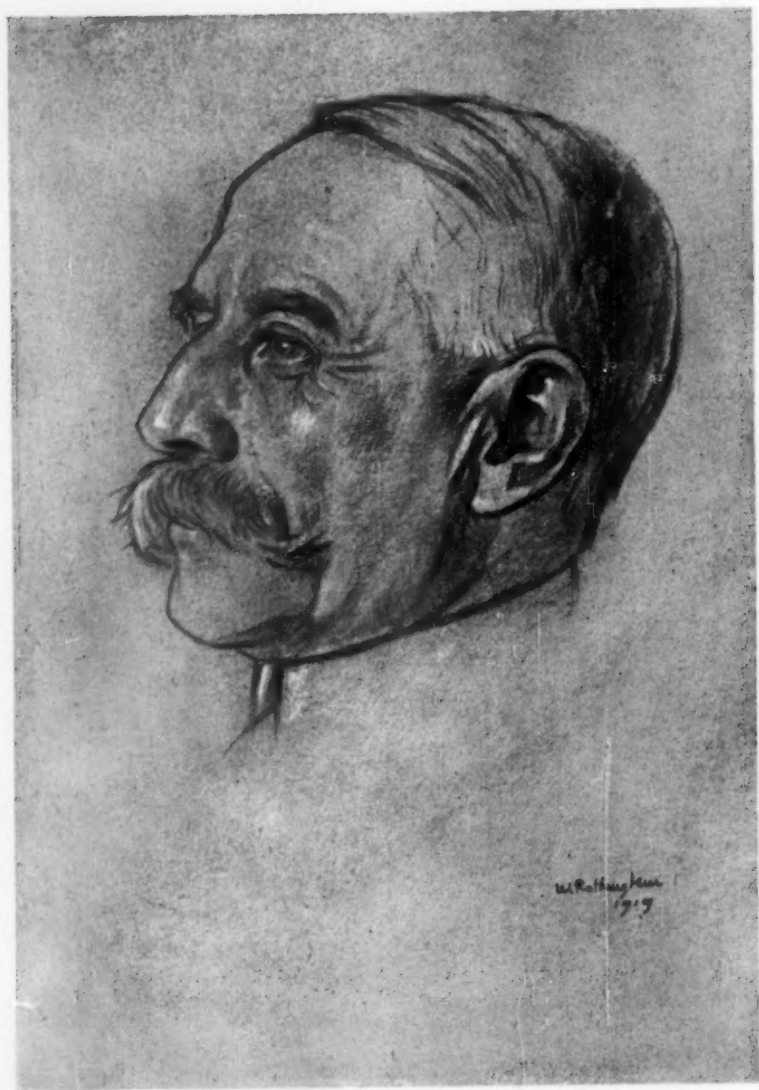
THE SHYNESS OF BEAUTY

I think of a flower that no eye ever has seen,
That springs in a solitary air.
Is it no one's joy? It is beautiful as a queen
Without a kingdom's care.

We have built houses for Beauty, and costly shrines,
And a throne in all men's view;
But she was afar on a hill where the morning shines
And her steps were lost in the dew.

LAURENCE BINYON.





SIR EDWARD ELGAR, O.M.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR

EDWARD ELGAR, the figure head of music in England, is a composer whose rank it is neither prudent nor indeed possible to determine. Either it is one so high that only time and posterity can confer it, or else he is one of the Seven Humbugs of Christendom. Contemporary judgments are sound enough on Second Bests; but when it comes to Bests, they acclaim ephemerals as immortals, and simultaneously denounce immortals as pestilent charlatans.

Elgar has not left us any room to hedge. From the beginning, quite naturally and as a matter of course, he has played the great game and professed the Best. He has taken up the work of a great man so spontaneously that it is impossible to believe that he ever gave any consideration to the enormity of the assumption, or was even conscious of it. But there it is, unmistakable. To the north countryman who, on hearing of Wordsworth's death, said "I suppose his son will carry on the business" it would be plain today that Elgar is carrying on Beethoven's business. The names are up on the shop front for everyone to read. ELGAR late BEETHOVEN & Co., Classics and Italian and German Warehousemen. Symphonies, Overtures, Chamber Music, Oratorios, Bagatelles.

This, it will be seen, is a very different challenge from that of, say, Debussy and Stravinsky. You can rave about Stravinsky without the slightest risk of being classed as a lunatic by the next generation. Without really compromising yourself, you can declare the *Après Midi d'un Faune* the most delightful and enchanting orchestral piece ever written. But if you say that Elgar's Cockaigne overture combines every classic quality of a concert overture with every lyric and dramatic quality of the overture to *Die Meistersinger* you are either uttering a platitude as safe as a compliment to Handel on the majesty of the Hallelujah Chorus or else damning yourself to all critical posterity by a *gaffe* that will make your grandson blush for you.

Personally, I am prepared to take the risk. What do I care about my grandson? give me Cockaigne. But my recklessness cannot settle the question. It would be so much easier if Cockaigne were *genre* music, with the Westminster chimes, snatches of Yip-i-addy, and a march of the costermongers to Covent Garden. Then

we should know where we are : the case would be as simple as Gilbert and Sullivan. But there is nothing of the kind : the material of the overture is purely classical. You may hear all sorts of footsteps in it ; and it may tell you all sorts of stories ; but it is classical music as Beethoven's *Les Adieux* sonata is classical music : it tells you no story external to itself and yourself. Therefore who knows whether it appeals to the temporal or the eternal in us ? in other words, whether it will be alive or dead in the twenty-first century ?

Certain things one can say without hesitation. For example, that Elgar could turn out Debussy and Stravinsky music by the thousand bars for fun in his spare time. That to him such stand-bys as the whole-tone-scale of Debussy, the Helmholtzian chords of Seryabin, the exciting modulations of the operatic school, the zylophone and celesta orchestration by which country dances steal into classical concerts, are what farthings are to a millionaire. That his range is so Handelian that he can give the people a universal melody or march with as sure a hand as he can give the Philharmonic Society a symphonic adagio such as has not been given since Beethoven died. That, to come down to technical things, his knowledge of the orchestra is almost uncanny. When Gerontius made Elgar widely known, there was a good deal of fine writing about it ; but what every genuine connoisseur in orchestration must have said at the first hearing (among other things) was "What a devil of a fortissimo !" Here was no literary paper instrumentation, no muddle and noise, but an absolutely new energy given to the band by a consummate knowledge of exactly what it could do and how it could do it. We were fed up to the throats at that time with mere piquancies of orchestration : every scorer of ballets could scatter pearls from the *pavillon chinois* (alias Jingling Johnny) over the plush and cotton velvet of his harmonies ; but Elgar is no mere effect monger : he takes the whole orchestra in his hand and raises every separate instrument in it to its highest efficiency until its strength is as the strength of ten. One was not surprised to learn that he could play them all, and was actually something of a virtuoso on instruments as different as the violin and trombone.

The enormous command of existing resources which this orchestral skill of his exemplifies extends over the whole musical field, and explains the fact that though he has a most active and curious mind, he does not appear in music as an experimenter and explorer, like Seryabin and Schönberg. He took music where Beethoven left it, and where Schumann and Brahms found it. Naturally he did not pick up and put on the shackles that Wagner had knocked off,

any more than he wrote his trumpet parts in tonic and dominant *clichés* in the eighteenth century manner, as some of his contemporaries made a point of honor of doing for the sake of being in the classical fashion. But his musical mind was formed before Wagner reached him; and his natural power over the material then before him was so great that he was never driven outside it by lack of means for expressing himself. He was no keyboard composer: music wrote itself on the skies for him, and wrote itself in the language perfected by Beethoven and his great predecessors. With the same inheritance, Schumann, who had less faculty and less knowledge, devotedly tried to be another Beethoven, and failed. Brahms, with a facility as convenient as Elgar's, was a musical sensualist with intellectual affectations, and succeeded only as an incoherent voluptuary, too fundamentally addleheaded to make anything great out of the delicious musical luxuries he produced. Mendelssohn was never really in the running: he was, in his own light, impetuous, and often lovely style, *sui generis*, superficial if you like, but always his own unique self, composing in an idiom invented by himself, neither following a school nor founding one. Elgar, neither an imitator nor a voluptuary, went his own way without bothering to invent a new language, and by sheer personal originality produced symphonies that are really symphonies in the Beethovenian sense, a feat in which neither Schumann, Mendelssohn nor Brahms, often as they tried, ever succeeded convincingly. If I were king, or a Minister of Fine Arts, I would give Elgar an annuity of a thousand a year on condition that he produced a symphony every eighteen months.

It will be noted, I hope, that this way of Elgar's of accepting the language and forms of his art in his time as quite sufficient for anyone with plenty of courage and a masterly natural command of them, is the way of Shakespear, of Bach, of all the greatest artists. The notion that Wagner was a great innovator is now seen to be a delusion that had already done duty for Mozart and Handel: it meant nothing more than that these composers had the courage and common sense not to be pedants. Elgar has certainly never let any pedantry stand in his way. He has indeed not been aware of its academic stumbling blocks; for, like Bach, he has never been taught harmony and counterpoint. A person who had been corrupted by Day's treatise on harmony once tried to describe a phrase of Wagner's to him by a reference to the chord of the supertonic. Elgar opened his eyes wide and, with an awe that was at least very well acted, asked "What on earth is the chord of the supertonic?" And then, after a pause, "What *is* the supertonic? I never heard of it."

This little incident may help to explain the effect produced at first by Elgar on the little clique of musicians who, with the late Hubert Parry as its centre, stood for British music thirtyfive years ago. This clique was the London section of the Clara Schumann-Joachim-Brahms clique in Germany; and the relations between the two were almost sacred. Of that international clique the present generation knows nothing, I am afraid, except that when Madame Schumann found that Wagner's Walküre fire music was to be played at a concert for which she was engaged, she at once declined to appear in such disgraceful company, and only with great difficulty was induced, after anxious consultation with the clique, to make a supreme effort of condescension, and compromise herself rather than disappoint the people who had bought tickets to hear her. This is too good a joke against the clique to be forgotten; and the result is that poor Clara and Joachim and company are now regarded as a ridiculous little mutual-admiration gang of snobs. I entreat our snorting young lions to reconsider that harsh judgment. If they had heard Clara Schumann at her best they could not think of her in that way. She and her clique were snobs, no doubt; but so are we all, more or less. There are many virtues mixed up with snobbery; and the clique was entirely sincere in its snobbery, and thought it was holding up a noble ideal in the art it loved. Wagner was about as eligible for it as a 450 h.p. aeroplane engine for a perambulator.

It was much the same at first with Elgar and the London branch of the clique. A young man from the west country without a musical degree, proceeding calmly and sweetly on the unconscious assumption that he was by nature and destiny one of the great composers when as a matter of fact he had never heard of the supertonic, shocked and irritated the clique very painfully. It was not, of course, Elgar's fault. He pitied them, and was quite willing to shew them how a really handy man (they were the unhandiest of mortals) should write for the trombones, tune the organ, flyfish, or groom and harness and drive a horse. He could talk about every unmusical subject on earth, from pigs to Elizabethan literature. A certain unmistakeably royal pride and temper were gettable on occasion; but normally a less pretentious person than Elgar could not be found. To this day you may meet him and talk to him for a week without suspecting that he is anything more than a typical English country gentleman who does not know a fugue from a fandango. The landlady in *Pickwick* whose complaint of her husband was that "Raddle aint like a man" would have said, if destiny had led her to the altar with the composer of the great symphony in A flat, "Elgar aint like a musician." The clique took

Mrs. Raddle's view. And certainly his music acted very differently from theirs. His *Enigma Variations* took away your breath. The respiration induced by their compositions was perfectly regular, and occasionally perfectly audible.

That attitude towards him was speedily reduced to absurdity by the mere sound of his music. But some initial incredulity as to his genius may be excused when we recollect that England had waited two hundred years for a great English composer, and waited in vain. The phenomenon of greatness in music had vanished from England with Purcell. Musical faculty had survived abundantly, England had maintained a fair supply of amazingly dexterous and resourceful orchestral players, brass-bandsmen, organists, glee singers, and the like. But they lacked culture, and could not produce a really musical atmosphere for the local conductors who tried to organize them. And the only alternatives were the university musicians who made up the metropolitan cliques, gentlemen amateurs to a man, infatuated with classical music, and earnestly striving to compose it exactly as the great composers did. And that, of course, was no use at all. Elgar had all the dexterities of the bandsmen; sucked libraries dry as a child sucks its mother's breasts; and gathered inspiration from the skies. Is it any wonder that we were sceptical of such a miracle? For my part, I expected nothing from any English composer; and when the excitement about Gerontius began, I said wearily "Another Wardour Street festival oratorio!" But when I heard the *Variations* (which had not attracted me to the concert) I sat up and said "Whew!" I knew we had got it at last.

Since then English composers have sprung up like mushrooms: that is, not very plentifully, but conspicuously. The clique is, if not stone dead, toothless; and our Cyril Scotts and Percy Graingers, our Rutland Boughtons and Granville Bantocks and the rest pay not the smallest attention to its standards. The British Musical Society offers to name forty British composers of merit without falling back on Elgar or any member of his generation. But, so far, Elgar is alone for Westminster Abbey.

As I said to begin with, neither I nor any living man can judge with certainty whether these odds and ends which I have been able to relate about Elgar are the stigmata of what we call immortality. But they look to me very like it; and I give them accordingly for what they may prove to be worth.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

ON LISTENING TO MUSIC

THE editor has asked me to speak of my experience of music for this reason—no one could have less technical knowledge of music than I have and yet enjoy it. But I do enjoy it as much as pictures or literature; and sometimes I enjoy music which is said to be difficult, for instance, the Domestic Symphony of Strauss. Further I believe that what I enjoy is the music itself and not ideas about it; I do not like to be told that Fate is knocking at the door in the opening of the C Minor Symphony even though it is Beethoven who tells me. I did not read the story of the Domestic Symphony in the programme before I heard it; to have the story in mind would have interfered with my hearing of the music. I discovered many years ago that music to me is simply music, if it is anything at all, and that I cannot enjoy it in terms of anything else. Often I do not understand it; I hear great music which means nothing to me from beginning to end; but that is the penalty of ignorance. To give examples, I have failed utterly to enjoy the third and fourth symphonies of Brahms at a first hearing, Parsifal, much of Bach, much of Handel; and I never could see any merit in the Prelude to Tristan. But one reason why I am able to enjoy music sometimes is that I do not try to judge it; no one can help seeing that some music is vulgar or trivial, but I am not good at seeing even that. For the most part I am able to listen in the hope of enjoying; and, when I do not enjoy, I usually assume a failure in myself. We ought all to know that we cannot enjoy all kinds of art always, that some great artists are not sympathetic to us. If we fail to enjoy them we need not think it their fault nor need we be ashamed of our own failure. You will never enjoy art at all if you try to reach some examination standard in your enjoyment of it, still less if you set up your own examination standard for the artist. Art is a social activity in which one human being speaks to others and there are always difficulties of communication; the proper aim of the audience is to get through these difficulties, not to acquire merit by liking what is good and disliking what is bad. It is only by the immediate experience of art that we can know what is good and what is bad and this knowledge is of no

value in itself ; it is useful only so that we may enjoy the good and not waste our time on the bad.

Long ago I ceased to trouble myself with asking whether the music I enjoyed was good or bad. To enjoy it is enough for me and I am thankful to the composer. I am not educating myself in music but listening to it ; and by listening, often lazily, I enjoy more and more. The first piece of music I enjoyed very intensely was Beethoven's Violin Concerto, played by Lady Hallé at the Crystal Palace more than thirty years ago. Before then I had thought of "classical music" as made for musicians and people who pretended to like it. I went to that concert out of politeness to a guest. Some other pieces were played which were just what I had expected them to be ; and then, suddenly, the second subject of the first movement of the concerto. It was a tune and I had never heard one that seemed to me so beautiful. Through the whole movement I listened for the tune to return and it returned often ; after that I went to concerts where Beethoven was played in the hope of hearing other tunes as beautiful. Sometimes I heard them and sometimes not ; often I was bored and disappointed. Why, when Beethoven got hold of a beautiful tune, did he not make more of it ? But still I went and listened, ignorantly worshipping an unknown God, for I knew no musicians and heard no talk about music. But gradually I discovered for myself that in music the tune is not everything, that between those parts which seemed to me tune there were other parts to be enjoyed. I heard the concerto several times and enjoyed more of it each time, heard Richter conduct several symphonies by Beethoven more than once, and began to enjoy a movement as a movement and not merely to watch for tunes. From that time my enjoyment grew more secure. I no longer fretted for the bits I could recognize, but let the music flow by, sure that its effect would be cumulative, expecting delightfully that at each concert I should make friends with some movement as a whole. So, when first I heard the Choral Symphony, I did not watch for tunes in it at all. I let it happen to me and was surprised and delighted to find that a work said to be difficult did happen to me at a first hearing, even the first movement of it. Understanding nothing of its construction I was yet carried along by it as if it were the first chapter of a moving story. I heard no tunes in it but I asked for none. The pleasure it gave me was not of the senses but of the emotions, with some intellectual pleasure caused no doubt by a logical connexion felt, almost unconsciously, between the different emotions that happened to me. No doubt a musician perceives this connexion clearly and consciously in the structure ; but I

am sure that one with no knowledge of music can be aware of it also, simply because it exists and happens to his mind. The musician cannot explain why one piece of music has it, and another lacks it. Structure itself is only a symptom of it; but, where it is, there it produces its effect even upon the ignorant; and, for the ignorant no less than for the musician, there is all the difference in the world between true structure, true growth, and a structure merely imposed. In the one case the themes lead naturally to each other, in the other they are patched together and the result is dull. But I am too ignorant to know at a first hearing, or sometimes perhaps at any hearing, whether a piece of music is a mere patchwork or a growth. All I know is that sometimes I am aware of the growth and that, where I am not aware of it, it may be my own fault, not the composer's. I have never felt the growth in the third and fourth symphonies of Brahms, but I might suddenly feel it if I heard them more often. Still, I felt the growth in the choral symphony the first time and have felt it more and more clearly ever since.

You cannot enjoy any kind of art without some mysticism about all art. I have met trained musicians who refused this mysticism and who therefore seemed to me to miss the point of their own art as of all other. Behind all different kinds of art there is always something happening in the mind of the artist which we cannot explain; and where this does not happen there is no art. It will not happen unless the artist has command of his technique; the power of expression does itself produce that which is to be expressed, just as that which is to be expressed must be there to produce the power of expression. But the something which happens to the mind of the artist communicates itself directly to the audience, it is behind all the different kinds and forms of art and can be felt by those who have no technical knowledge of those kinds or forms. It can also not be felt by those who have technical knowledge, if they lack the mysticism necessary for the experience of art, if it is to them merely a technical problem. The value of art consists in this, that it is a means of communication; if it were not, it would be only a game for experts. By means of it the artist does communicate to other men his own most intense and valued experience, often, especially in music, not so that particular experiences can be ear-marked; rather it is his own mind as made by that experience that he communicates. When I hear Mozart or Beethoven, I am for the moment Mozart or Beethoven, and my mind is enriched for ever after by that transmigration of souls. But this communication, of course, is always made in the terms of the particular art practised. The word, the mind, must always be

made flesh and a peculiar kind of flesh. Something particular is said and its particularity is in the medium employed. There is a particularity of music, of poetry, and of painting, and of each individual artist's notes or words or paint. If there were not, he could not communicate himself at all, he would be merely a *chimæra bombinans in vacuo*.

Still with this particularity of the medium, of the flesh, he does communicate himself and his experience directly, and not only to those who have a technical knowledge of his art. In solving his own technical problem he does tap and pour out for mankind the stored riches of his own experience; that is why art has value; and why no one, however technically ignorant, need despair of enjoying any kind of art. The means are means for the artist; the experience communicates itself by those means to those who have ears to hear or eyes to see. How then are the ignorant to hear with their ears or see with their eyes?

Experience teaches me that the chief obstacle to enjoyment of music or any kind of art is our expectation of what it ought to be, our demands based on that expectation. Art, like all kinds of reality, is never what we expect it to be; and, as there are people who avoid contact with reality by retiring into their dreams because they cannot face the difference between reality and their expectation of it, so there are also people who prefer their own dreams of art to art itself, or descriptions of music and its magical results to music itself. And, even if they do not do that, they often bring their own expectations of music, founded on these descriptions, to the hearing of music, with the result that they fail to hear it. That is so with the many who say that they cannot endure "classical music" because there are no tunes in it. They have their own ideas of tune, which are not those of Mozart or Beethoven, and they will not listen for the melody of these, not knowing that it is better than anything they themselves can imagine or expect. But that is how we ought to listen to great music, emptying the mind of all expectations and all memory of verbal descriptions, trusting in the power of the artist to fill our minds with his own beauty, which will assuredly be unlike any other. Music is not magic; it does not make the trees rustle, or the moonlight enchant the concert room; it is not like falling in love, or being converted; it is always itself, like no other experience whatsoever; and if you are to experience it, you must come prepared to be possessed by it. It took me some time and many disappointments to discover this. Gradually I learned that I must bring no imaginings of my own, no expectations, to the concert room. The musician was not arguing with me, he was telling me; nor must I judge one composer

by another, or one age of art by another. When I was young, Wagner was supreme and the Wagnerian often had no ears for Mozart because he expected Mozart to give him just what Wagner gave; there were others who thought the symphonies of Mozart historically interesting because they prepared for the symphonies of Beethoven.

I am almost glad that I have no sense of history in music, that all music is to me contemporary if I can experience it at all. I am like the provincial choir who were learning a piece by Palestrina and who, when a distinguished looking foreigner appeared on the platform with their conductor, thought it was Palestrina come to hear their performance. They sang very well all the same; but the historical view denies personality, which is everything in art. It was neither good nor bad luck for Mozart that he was born before Beethoven; whenever born he would always have been Mozart; and, when he is performed, you should listen to hear Mozart, not the music of any period, and you should empty your mind of expectations formed on the music of Wagner or anyone else. If you do this, you will find, I think, that you can enjoy the music of all times without any knowledge of the history of music. For each composer, no matter what his style, is a person; and it is only your expectations that prevent you from hearing just what he has to say to you. If one composer gives you luxurious orchestration, enjoy it, if you can; but do not demand it of Mozart. Listen to his exquisite writing for the strings, which even I can hear; or, if it is a quartet, listen for the parts how they combine without confusion. If a man is talking to you charmingly in a quiet voice, you do not demand that he shall shout as if he were addressing a crowd in the open air; and *vice versa*.

I have no doubt that the notorious mistakes made by eminent critics of all the arts were made because they had their own expectations, their own demands, which every artist must fulfil for them. Out of these demands they make their criticism and they find that a criticism based on them is easy. They call them principles; and how can one criticize without principles? Well, I find it easy to enjoy music without such principles; and I see no reason why I should form a judgment upon music at all, whether I enjoy it or do not. The fact that I enjoy it, if I do, is enough for me; and, if I don't, I may or may not try again. Sometimes of course a judgment forces itself upon me. I have heard music that drove me from the concert room; in which case I make a note to avoid it in future. But, if I really enjoy a piece of music, then I believe that it is good and am not ashamed to say so. It may not be so good as other music I do not enjoy, but it must, I think, have

some positive merit to produce enjoyment even in me. For instance, the first time I heard the *Casse-Noisette* suite, when it was new to London, I enjoyed it very much ; but there were sitting next to me a man and a woman who looked like professional musicians ; and, after one or two movements, the man got up, said to the woman—I'm sick of this Rossini sort of stuff—and left the Hall. I suppose he thought it was beneath his professional dignity to listen to light music ; but, as Rossini himself said, there are only two kinds of music, the good and the bad ; and, since I still enjoy the suite, I still believe that it is good. I do not see why there should not be light music like light verse or pictures. There are many mansions in the Heaven of art ; and you are a fool for your pains if you take yourself too seriously to enjoy all of them. Holding the mystical view of art, I believe that one can value a work of art only by the intensity of delight it gives one ; the greater the work of art, the more intense the delight it will give to those who are able to experience it. The greatest works express and communicate the most intense experiences and those which men instinctively value most ; and, as in real life I am more moved by beauty of conduct than by the beauty of a butterfly's wing, so it is in art. But there is the beauty of a butterfly's wing in some music, and of the butterfly's flight ; and I am a pedant if I refuse to enjoy it because it is not beauty of conduct.

What is bad in music as in all art, is the pretence of expression, the imitation or incitement by sound of emotions unfelt. But those who are most learned technically in music cannot tell us in any technical terms why this music is bad. All one can say is that it is like the whine of a beggar who would wheedle pence out of you ; and, since we all have our infirmities of taste, we may all be taken in by some kind of whine or other. But, if we are, it is nothing very dreadful ; better be taken in a hundred times than never enjoy anything except your own feeling that you are enjoying the right thing ; and the more you listen to music humbly and passively the more you become secure against these deceptions ; for, when once you have experienced the true beauty of music, you have something to test other music by or rather your own feelings about it. There is a power in reality, whether of art or of life, to dispel unrealities, but you must experience the reality if you are to feel its power.

There is no formal means of telling true art from false any more than of telling right from wrong in conduct ; nor are we born with the power of instantly distinguishing good from bad in either case. But, as the Ten Commandments and other moral precepts are useful guides to conduct, so are the reputations of the great artists useful guides to the experience of art. The fact that a piece of

music is by Beethoven or Mozart should not persuade you that you like it when you do not, but it should induce you to listen humbly, and more than once if you hear nothing in it the first time. Only this humble listening, and the experience that comes of it, will make us quick to find reality in art through all styles and in all periods. No doubt technical knowledge makes us quicker to find it, less liable to be deceived by imposture ; but without technical knowledge we can find it, however slowly and imperfectly ; for by listening we do attain to a kind of knowledge which is real though it lacks precision. We may not be able, for instance, to describe the sonata form, but we are used to it, and we grow used to the idiom of particular composers. They become old friends whose beauties we can meet half way ; and the more we listen, the more friends we make, together perhaps with some enemies whom we can always avoid. I believe that what one needs to experience music, like all art, is not so much technical knowledge as the right attitude, the attitude, not of a judge or of one who would acquire merit by right judgment, but of a discoverer. You must assume, to begin with, that art is a great thing, part of the Kingdom of Heaven, and that you and all men can enter into it. To enter into it you need sincerity and humility, just as much as the artist needs it to create. If you have good faith, as a listener, you will more and more recognize good faith in the artist. But on the listener without good faith, the prig, the æsthetic pharisee, the sensualist, all the good faith of the artist is wasted, he never learns to know good from bad because he is always thinking about himself rather than about the music he listens to. So he never listens to it ; and it is only by listening that one can learn.

A. CLUTTON-BROCK.

THE FUTURE OF THE ENGLISH SONG

I. THE SINGER AND THE PUBLIC.

IN the jargon of the late-Victorian era the singing voice was spoken of as "a sacred trust." It was regarded as a special gift bestowed by a Providence whose ways were inscrutable upon certain privileged members of the community to have and to hold and to administer for the purpose of elevating the public *morale* through the medium of "The Lost Chord," the fulfilment of the obligation being also closely associated with a sense of individual importance worthy of a negativist.

It cannot be denied that the singer of that generation played up to the part. He adopted foreign names and cultivated long hair; his medium of expression was the florid Italian aria, and his English repertoire consisted of a dozen songs in all. He was, and meant himself to be, an exotic. Nor can it be gainsaid that he knew his business. He was a master of *bel canto* and vocal technique and sang with an ease and finish which would put the modern opportunist to shame. But his very aloofness won him enemies by the score. There were thousands of his countrymen who, on the strength of his idiosyncracies, made a mock not merely of singing but of music in general, who looked on musicians as a curious breed apart and resented a singer who possessed a rod or a gun as an alien usurper of the divine right of the Englishman.

It would surprise such scoffers to learn that the laugh is on the other side. Song to man, if he did but know it, is as natural as speech. Scientific research has revealed to us the fact that every normal child has music in him and a voice wherewith to give it life; that singing can be learned in youth as easily as speech; that so far from its being the special gift of abnormalities it is the possession of every man who is not born either tone-deaf or a congenital idiot; and that the one to be pitied is he who has allowed one of Nature's most beautiful endowments to perish from atrophy.

Man has sung to his work in every language since the Tower of Babel. Did he stop to ask the how or the wherefore when he sang to his flocks on Parnassus or the Wiltshire downs? Did he stop

to think ere he sang the Lord's song in Zion or "O God our help in ages past" before the gates of Buckingham Palace? How many a mute inglorious Tommy as he slung along on a route-march to "The Boys of the old Brigade" has found of a sudden that the tongue of the dumb could sing, that he, so long athirst yet inarticulate, had all the while deep buried in his inner being a wondrous instrument of beauty all his own, stringed and keyed and tuned to language to play on at his will!

And with that precious knowledge came the sense of possession and in a dim way the critical faculty. Nothing has been more surprising or more cheering than the eclecticism of the British soldier. In the earlier days of the war he suffered fools gladly. Any tenth-rate amateur considered himself good enough to sing to him. But as his horizon widened the standard went up and the worst offenders were frozen out. The same power of discrimination is conspicuous in the public schoolboy. He has an innate power of selection and an almost unearthly instinct for values which makes him despise the performer who plays down to him as heartily as the master who plays up to him. Wherever we go through this land of cricket and fairplay we find the same inborn faculty for separating the sheep from the goats.

Here we have what should be the sure foundation of a healthy English school of music. We have in these islands probably a greater amount of talent than in any other country to-day. We have beautiful voices in bewildering numbers, composers and instrumentalists trained in our teaching institutions on the highest lines, and an innate longing for what is beautiful and true—and yet British music has been and still is the standing joke of the foreigner. Those of us who were present at the performance of Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens" some years ago at a Duisburg festival will remember the stupefaction with which the work was received. It was not merely that the audience were overpowered by that particular masterpiece; they simply were unaware that England possessed any music of her own at all! They looked upon it as some freak, some momentary throw-back to the Elizabethans, a lonely pearl in a barren oyster-bed.

And who can blame the foreigner? What has he found here? An odd orchestral concert with an audience so sporadic that *abonnement* is unknown or a popular series, maybe, buttressed with inferior songs in the second part of its programmes; a chamber concert or two with a handful of devoted admirers; a plethora of recitals for propaganda purposes mainly filled with friends of the performer; and ballad concerts crowded to the doors with worshippers of the "royalty" song. Can anyone quarrel with him if

he returns home and reports that music in England is a *quantité négligeable*, that the taste of the masses is beneath contempt, that the system of education which tolerates such trash must be rotten to the core, and that if her manhood be on a level with her music the first great war will see the end of her.

It is not the real taste of the masses which is at fault. This war has shown us that. Nor is the teaching to blame. The great masters of composition at our institutions have set a standard to their pupils which is beyond praise. It is the royalty song which has strangled British music for nearly two generations and holds it still in the grip of a python.

The reader will rub his eyes and say 'What of our symphonies and concertos, of our chamber music and symphonic poems, of our oratorios and operas past and present?' Yes, but it is the song which counts. It is the song which is the staple food of the masses. For one man who hears a symphony there are a thousand who hear a song. For one man who buys and can read a full score there are a hundred thousand who will buy and try to sing a song. There is a vast majority of our countrymen who have never heard a symphony or a chamber concert in their lives and whose musical horizon is bounded by the professional singer and the mechanical record.

Public music in England is a matter of private enterprise. It is not nurtured by a benevolent Government. There is no compulsory standard, no sanitary inspector to whom you can appeal for the removal of refuse. It is the man with the longest purse who sets the taste. He pays the piper and calls the tune, and the people, alas! follow the piper in London even as in Hamelin.

Let us explain the system for the sake of the uninitiated.

A man (or woman) of vocal tendencies and supposed musical proclivities, opens his newspaper in the morning and runs his eye down the list of entertainments. He sees a concert announced at which a perfect galaxy of talent is to perform, an "all star" cast of famous singers ready to sing songs in bewildering profusion for his benefit at an exceedingly moderate price to himself. He takes his ticket and his place and prepares to receive cavalry. A great singer whose name is a talisman comes on and sings a song. He is vaguely conscious in the region of his midriff that the merit of the song was not quite on a level with the singer's or the accompanist's or his own intelligence; in fact, if he had heard it sung by his daughter or some other irresponsible amateur he would have turned it down. But here it is, sung by an eminent soloist, published by an eminent firm, and applauded by a presumably thoughtful audience of his fellow-men. It has a splendid high note at the

end, the poem has the direct merit of simplicity, and the whole song has made an overpowering effect. The singer has a conscience and a reputation to lose; if he has thus guaranteed it, it must be a thing to possess—so he buys it, sings it and propagates it, spreading its bacteria, like a vicious carrier, through the community at large.

He believes the singer sings the song because he likes it. He does not; he hates it. He believes that he admires it. He does not; he despises it. He believes that he is proud of interpreting it. He is not; he is ashamed of it. He believes that he sings it for its *beaux yeux*. He does not; he sings it because he is paid to propagate it. He believes that when he himself buys it across the counter he is being supplied with what he demands. He is not; he is demanding what is supplied. He does not know it, but he is fast in the grip of the vicious circle of the "royalty" system. Let us explain its working to him.

The royalty system is a co-operative scheme by which both publisher and singer benefit financially. It has grades according to the propaganda-power of the performer. If he is a "star" of the first magnitude the publisher agrees to pay him a definite sum on every copy of the song sold. He is then bound both in honour and by self-interest to give the song a first-class start and sing it at a fair proportion of his concerts—and thereby, incidentally, to spread its contagion far and wide. He becomes, in short, a commercial traveller in that particular line of fancy goods. If he is a step lower down in the profession he is paid a fee on each programme which he can produce with his name in it as singing the particular song—generally ten guineas for twelve programmes.

All such royalties and bonuses are irrespective of, and in addition to, the fee which the singer may get for the individual concert at which he sings it.

There is nothing inherently wrong in the system itself. Far from it. It is but a variant of the traveller's commission. It is the song not the system which does the damage. The singer could not take too great an interest in the song or confer a greater boon on the community than by spreading it far and wide—provided that the song be good. He does himself no dishonour in benefiting by its sale any more than the publisher does in pushing it by every means at his disposal—provided only that the song be good. But is the song good? Not once in a hundred times. The financial success of a song in England to-day is, with a few exceptions, in proportion to its nastiness. Nothing would be easier than to pillory in detail the members of that rogues' gallery—the drawing-room blushes, the organ swells, the pseudo-oriental exotics, the suburban flower-gardens, the mock-heroics and bastard humour,

which—lyrics and settings alike—have degraded the word “patriotism” and made the English rose to stink in our nostrils; but there is no space for it here. They are the inevitable offspring of the system.

It is impossible to blame the publisher. He does not know the song is bad. He has had no special musical education, and he is first and last a business man. His standards are effectiveness and technical simplicity,—his gauge of merit is selling power. The song must be so easy to sing and play that anybody can attempt it; it must be so stickily attractive that thousands will flock to it like wasps to a beer-bottle. When, as he often does, he publishes sound music without these superficial qualities, all credit to him; but he is not primarily a philanthropist. He is out to make money for his firm the quickest way he can. If he can get an immediate return on his outlay it is nothing to him if the song be diseased; he is not a physician. A short life and a merry one, and the more lives the merrier! Quantity not quality is his motto. You cannot blame the publisher. He sins in ignorance. He does his best. He pays his servants well and he orders his programmes with scrupulous fairness, but he is out for blood, and he baits his traps with a live singer.

But what of the singer? He, if anyone, should know the gold from the dross. There are a few who have been trained to believe that it is voice alone that counts, but far the larger proportion have served their apprenticeship in the great schools of music, where the standards of taste and knowledge should be above all suspicion, and have grown up in close communion with the young composers to whom the music of their country looks for its future. Does no secret spasm of his conscience tell him that when he sells his own soul he sells his comrade's too? He will plead—with a certain amount of truth—that he has yielded to *force majeure*, that he must sing or starve. But the composer can plead the same, and it is the composer who counts; the singer belongs to the *Ephemeridæ*.

The lot of the young composer in England is little less than a tragedy, for he is powerless alone. Music is evanescent as a flame. It may linger in the memory, but remembered music is only the ashes of the fire. The written notes themselves are but symbols of the immortal song, and what is that immortality if “the singer is dead and the maker buried?” The maker to-day is still-born, and the man who should have brought him alive into the world has helped to bury him. The song, be it never so beautiful, without the singer to sing it is Dead-Sea fruit.

The future of our music is in the hands of the young composer. It is dependent upon his genius and his opportunities. He too has

got to live ; but unlike his colleagues he has no concerts to fill his purse. Even his chances as a teacher are negligible, for would-be composers do not grow on the hedges like blackberries. He may be an organist or a pianist, and help himself in that way, but he is first and last a creator, and we are doing our best to make him sterile. We leave the pike upon the spawning-beds and destroy the salmon with sewage at the river's mouth. He should be cherished as a national asset for our sakes, and by all the rules of the game he should be given fair play for his own ; and yet by the incidence of a malevolent despotism he is inhibited from earning a living. The profits to be made from the higher forms of his art are practically non-existent. He is a fortunate man if he ever hears a performance of his symphonies or string quartets, let alone can draw an income from their performing rights. It does not pay the publisher to publish them. The oratorio is obsolete. Operas are like the plums in a pudding at Dotheboys Hall. His songs are the only possible paying asset he has and the publisher who can push them will have none of him. He cannot even get them heard, for the singer is otherwise engaged ; he is under contract to the royalty song. Suppose even that the publisher accepts them, he has no inducement to subsidise them with a singer. Every good song thus sung is sung in place of, and to the detriment of the pot-boiler which is within the reach of all, and therefore at the expense of the publisher—and the publisher, as said before, is not primarily a philanthropist. The good song to-day is heard practically only at the song-recital.

We shrug our shoulders and murmur the magic words "Education of the Masses." The man who starts in youth with that ambition will still be grasping at the will o' the wisp as he totters to the grave. Some members of the profession have been credited with tilting at that windmill. They can deny the soft impeachment. It has been a matter of digestion not of ambition ; their stomachs have revolted at the fare. You can educate the masses in Prussia in a generation if you appoint your geniuses *ad hoc*. In England we let things slide.

Let us face the facts. Whatever is done for music in England is done by private enterprise. No Government has ever given anything appreciable directly to music. It and the municipalities maintain art-galleries and museums by the score and fill them with Michael Angelos and Roubiliacs and Rodins ; but music they leave to the Golliwogs. All the same there is a great revival of music in the air. The war has stirred the emotions of the community to their depths, and thousands to whom music had been hitherto a thing outside have taken it into their lives for good. There are rumours

that the present Government are aware of this new spirit and mean to foster it. We can but wait and hope.

We cannot, again, count on the help of individuals. The names of private benefactors of music can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. All honour to them in their isolation! The Carnegie trust with conspicuous patriotism has insured the publication of some of the more solid works of our composers for the benefit of the nation and the profit of their authors. The Royal College of Music is administering the Patron's Fund with real enterprise and insight to give our young composers a chance to hear their works performed, and read and mark and learn therefrom. But no one has given a thought to the future of our songs, which are the staple food of the very masses we talk of educating. We are purifying the poor man's beer, and leaving his bread to be adulterated.

The secret of the success of the royalty song is the fact that it is heard. The subsidising of the singer by an extra retaining fee is simply incidental. He sings the song; therefore it is heard not only in London but all over the country wherever the singer or the mechanical record can penetrate. If the good song is to win through it must fight on equal terms—in other words it must be heard, not merely at individual song recitals but at great popular song concerts. It is perfectly possible to run such concerts in every great town in the kingdom and make them pay; for the "all-star" system is not necessary except for the purpose of exploiting rubbish. Half a dozen performers at each concert would carry it through; but those performers must be as good as the songs they sing. The ideal scheme would be a co-operative one, concerts run by the performers themselves, though there are inherent difficulties which make that almost unworkable. But any syndicate of music-loving business men would make it pay. The concerts should be unconnected with any publishing firm or tied house system. The pianist should be free to play whatever piano he prefers. The singer should sing whatever songs he chooses, provided only that they be sound, and those songs should be unencumbered with performing rights. If the singer transgresses he should not be asked again. It should be advertised far and wide that nothing but first-class music will be performed—that should be the essential attraction. The scheme would start with the goodwill of the public and the blessing of the press. There is not a newspaper in the country which would not rejoice to back it up. If the publishers choose to pay the singers royalties on such songs, so much the better. You cannot give good music too much help or encouragement. Who knows but that the publishers may not be glad of it themselves in the end? They would just as soon

publish good as bad if it paid them equally well. They might still achieve the ha'pence of the public without enduring the kicks of the critic. *Solvuntur tabulae risu*. We may yet see them phoenix-like emerge from the ashes of the potboiler and soar into the empyrean on wings of English song.

HARRY PLUNKET GREENE.

To be concluded in the next number with "II. The singer and the composer."

MUSIC IN COUNTRY CHURCHES

ONE is often asked for advice regarding music in parish churches in town and country, and yet the cathedral organist must be conscious that his daily work hardly qualifies him to express a decisive opinion on such matters. Feeling this, I determined during a recent holiday to attempt to gather some first-hand evidence of the condition of things by attending Service at as many churches as possible, chosen entirely at random in the district where I happened to be staying. The conclusions arrived at are summarized in the following notes.

The first place that was visited was a remote country village, consisting only of a few houses grouped round the charming little Norman church. The singing, consisting of chants and hymns only, was led by a few children gathered round a harmonium at the west end; the joining in of the rather sparse congregation was negligible, or at any rate was entirely eclipsed by the efforts of the little girls who appeared to form the choir; and this was not surprising, for everything was pitched too high to be comfortable for ordinary voices. At a church in a somewhat larger village the same fault was again in evidence, and though here a choir of about six small girls and two men sat in the chancel, and were accompanied by a tolerably well played organ, one still felt that the singing of the congregation would have been far better had the pitch been lower. In both churches the mistake was made of sung (and played) *Amens* to all the prayers, though these were wisely read and not monotoned.

The next Sunday took me to a splendid church in a larger village. Here was a surpliced choir of eight boys and three men. The boys sang quite tunefully, though not possessed of specially good voices; the men were more or less negligible, except when they tried to sing in harmony. The chants and the hymns were better chosen as regards pitch, and were in some cases transposed down; the organist was evidently something of a musician, and made good use of a very small instrument. The Service was quite nice except for some promiscuous *Amens*, sung and played, and a certain amount of would-be "monotoning," though as regards mainte-

nance of pitch it was very far from a monotone. The psalms were chanted deliberately, and the words were fairly clear. In the evening the church chosen was at a tiny village, where there was a choir of six surpliced boys, one man, a few girls and *one woman*. The organ was very poorly played by a young man who tried to use the pedals, and should have known better; and though the boys sang quite pleasantly, their efforts were ruined by the "leading lady" who screamed everything at the top of her voice and generally a semitone sharp: it was only when she took a much-needed rest that the boys could be heard at all.

After this trying experience the following Sunday was a welcome relief. Here, in a large village, there were no boy-choristers, though there might well have been, for several boys were in the church; the choir consisted of some women, and two surpliced men, seated in the chancel. A very sweet-toned old organ was tastefully played, and except for a few needless Amens the Service was well arranged. But the women singers did not give a satisfactory "lead" to the melody, being inclined to slide from note to note and to indulge in a *tremolo*; again the pitch of the chants was too high to be comfortable; but on the whole the congregation, which was a large one, sang heartily and rhythmically. The evening Service attended was at a fairly large village, and here good fortune was in store; the organ was excellently played, obviously by someone "out of the common"; the choir of half-a-dozen boys and three men sang mostly in unison, and was well in tune and evidently carefully taught. With the exception of an unduly high pitch the Service was entirely suitable to a village church, and reached a standard which should be attainable in many places, as it was perfectly simple and at the same time perfectly reverent.

My last Sunday was spent in another part of the country, and in the morning I attended a splendid old church almost entirely isolated from its parish except for two or three farms. Here a regular choir was obviously out of the question. The music was made by a girl playing the harmonium and another girl singing, and their efforts were effectively seconded by the officiating Priest. The Venite, Te Deum and Benedictus were sung to plain-song chants (Briggs and Frere), and the rest of the music consisted only of two old psalm-tunes from the "English Hymnal." Though so little was attempted the result was quite satisfactory, and showed what can be done under such difficult conditions; but it is only fair to add that such a result could not have been obtained without a "musical parson." The congregation did not make much attempt to join in the singing, but there were hardly enough present to make this likely. Whether Gregorian tones could ever become

acceptable in a small village church is a matter which cannot be decided off-hand, but at least it was a great relief to have music that was not too high, to have no choral responses or Amens, and even to be spared an introductory voluntary. In the evening I went to the parish church of the small town where I was staying. Here was a surpliced choir of some dozen boys and six men, a good organ and a large congregation. The Service was of the "fully choral" type, and perhaps the less said about the music the better; however it was in many respects so typical of what should not be, that it may be instructive to consider a few points;—

Monotoning by a choir, as in the Confession, is simply intolerable if the words cannot be heard and if the pitch drops a fourth or so.

Responses should never be sung to "fancy settings"; those rendered at this particular church did not even embody the plain-song.

Psalms should not be chanted if the words are to be slurred over, falsely accented, and made to sound like nonsense.

Organists should not be allowed to disport themselves in brilliantly coloured hoods unless they can play the pedals correctly; in "Jerusalem the golden" where the bass part goes up high in the sixth line, the pedals were utterly wrong in every verse.

Finally there should be a law to prevent organists from bursting out, almost before the words of the Blessing have died away, into a blatantly vulgar march.

From these varied experiences some thoughts necessarily arise. The first is that the village churches which attempted little were in every way preferable to the town church, which no doubt prides itself on its excellent choir. Under the sort of conditions which must prevail in most country places it is the greatest mistake to deviate from the path of strict simplicity. The demand for elaboration does not come from the congregation, nor generally from the clergy. Where it is found, the organist is sometimes to blame, but *not when he is a good musician*; for in the churches I visited it was found that wherever the organist was good, there the Service was simple. Elaborations are most often introduced to please the choir,—and by the choir we must here mean the adult members of it, for the children naturally have little or no say in the matter. Most clergy and a good many organists are more or less afraid of their choirs, and are far too ready to fall in with suggestions which their better judgment would lead them to reject.

This leads to the consideration as to whether it is a good thing to have adult choirs at all in ordinary parish churches. Choirmen and choirwomen, too, are notoriously difficult to deal with; they have their fancies and their "feelings" which must not be offended;

they love to exercise their powers to the fullest possible extent, and they are often impatient of criticism and restraint ; as a rule they can only be persuaded with difficulty to give proper attention to the practice of chants and hymns, and their interest lies far more in the direction of Anthems and Services. It is difficult to get rid of a man or a woman from the choir without raising a storm, therefore the clergy are too ready to give way to ill, they fully recognize, rather than risk an explosion. In most parishes, at any rate in the country, it would be far better that the adult singers should form a little village choral society, where they would regularly practice music which would interest them, secular as well as sacred, and which could be introduced into the church on special occasions. If neighbouring villages would combine in the formation of such choral societies, the musical life of the country would receive a tremendous stimulus. For the enthusiasm of these people must not be discouraged ; it only requires to be led into the right channels. Few villages can raise enough singers for a properly balanced church choir of four parts to be regularly maintained : men as a rule hate singing in unison ; and a "bit of bass" or a "bit of tenor" here and there, can hardly be considered as edifying.

Assuming then, for the sake of argument rather than as a definite statement of opinion, that adult choirs are not desirable for country churches, what is the alternative ? There are four possible solutions.

(1) There may be no choir at all. This is seldom found satisfactory except perhaps in a small church, where the congregation seldom varies, and can be relied on to sing well ; in such a case congregational practices are almost a necessity, unless the changes are to be rung on a few old tunes, and no variety or improvement is to be attempted ; and even if congregational practices are held, it will be an advantage to have some sort of leaders, though they may not be called a choir.

(2) The choir may consist of boys alone. In most cases this seems to be the best solution of the question. Boys are of course apt to be troublesome, and if they receive no training their voices are apt to be harsh, especially in some parts of the country. But, taken on the whole, it is easier to get good results from a choir of boys only than from any other form of choir. A little training goes a long way : boys generally regard it as a privilege to sing in the choir, especially if they have the additional attraction of surplices ; it is easy to interest them keenly in the work ; the clearness of their voices forms the best "lead" for the congregation : and, as a practical point, they do not suffer from "feelings," and can be got rid of if they are not satisfactory.

(3) The choir may consist of boys and girls. This arrangement is sometimes rendered necessary by there not being sufficient boys available, owing to the smallness of the village, or the fact of boys going to work at an early age. There seems to be nothing against it, so long as care is taken that the girls do not sing loudly, when they will certainly spoil the tone of the boys. But in actual practice this is often the case, and on the whole, where it is possible for the boys to be alone they will do better so.

(4) The choir may consist of girls only. This arrangement is only to be adopted as a last resort: the voices of little girls are generally very inferior in quality to those of boys of the same age; they are as a rule toneless and thin, and have little carrying power unless they are strained.

These views are amply borne out by the experiences above referred to; in every case where there were boys in the choir they were the best part of it; the men were generally negligible; the women, where there were any, were generally aggressive; and the little girls tended simply to spoil the effect of the boys. This is not to say that on the whole the boys were particularly good, but simply that one felt in each case that if the whole of the rest of the choir had been withdrawn the Service would not have suffered, and would almost certainly have gained.

The definite confining of the choir to boys or children only will once and for all dispose of the question of singing in harmony, and this is usually the bane of village choirs. The unison choir is in itself an enormous gain and outweighs any possible advantage of being able to sing Harvest Anthems or glorified Amens. Still there are no doubt exceptional places where a good choir of boys and men, or even of women and men, can be maintained, and where this is so the scope is much greater. But in other cases, where there are just one or two enthusiastic adult singers, it will be far better that they should be encouraged to devote their musical energies to some organization other than the church choir.

Another consideration was forcibly borne in upon me by my experiences:—The imperative need for a more careful consideration of our church music from the point of view of unison singing. Practically all the existing chant-books contain chants which lie too high for easy singing by normal untrained voices. The very title of the most generally used collection shows how unsuitable it is for villages. And the same applies to practically all hymn-books, except the *English Hymnal*. The existing compilations all presuppose four-part harmony; this may be well enough where a properly balanced choir can be maintained, though even here there is danger of overlooking the claims of the congregation,—for in the

hymns at any rate they should always have the first place. Something will have been achieved when the transposed edition of *Hymns A. & M.* (including the second supplement) has been issued; and the pitch at which the hymns are set in the *English Hymnal* and a few other less known collections is excellent. But a new chant-book, specially designed for country churches, is badly needed. The chants should be selected on the grounds of suitability for unison singing; they should be moderate in pitch—an occasional high note does not matter so long as the general level of the pitch, and particularly of the reciting notes, does not involve strain; they should be dependent for their effect on melody rather than harmony; they should be diatonic and easy to be sung in tune; and above all they should not be too many in number, so that all may become really familiar. Plain-song fulfils all these requirements, but it introduces other difficulties, and needs expert guidance if it is to be satisfactory: further it is not generally liked by congregations. Still its wider use is much to be encouraged.

The need for an authorized form of the Responses has already been alluded to; if this were taken in hand under the auspices of one of the Committees for the Revision of the Prayer Book, a beginning might be made in establishing a universal Church Song for the English Church, which is so much to be desired. But a few words must be said as to the extraordinary fondness that seems to prevail for choral Amens. A choir evidently thinks that if it can sing nothing else, here at any rate is its chance; and the constant interruption of the Service by these little cadences, often very slackly sung, is most trying. The idea, presumably, is to secure a hearty response to the prayers. But why cannot a choir be taught to respond firmly and distinctly in the speaking voice as well as in singing? Where this is done the effect is infinitely more sincere and devotional. As to monotoning in an ordinary church, it is quite unnecessary and is hardly ever successful. Indeed there is nothing which it is so difficult to get even a cathedral choir to do well, as this monotoning; and there is hardly a choir in existence which can be trusted always to keep the pitch. If this is so difficult even with a professional choir, why court disaster by attempting it in a village?

One further matter must be approached, though with some diffidence—the question of the organists. While recognizing fully the excellent intentions and the oft-times self-sacrificing work of many a village organist, it must be admitted that in some cases the results do not add to the beauty of the Service. Wrong notes, faulty time, and so forth, however well intentioned, cannot but jar.

In cases where it is impossible to secure the services of a reasonably good organist, would it not really be better to revert to the methods of our great-grand-fathers, and to have, not a barrel-organ, but a small organ controlled by a mechanical player, on the principles of the "pianola?" With such an arrangement it would certainly be possible to have the hymns correctly played. The accompaniment of the psalms would present greater difficulties, but even these would not be unsurmountable. Of course, such an arrangement would not be recommended in any but an extreme case. But a "mechanical player" does not render the organ unavailable for ordinary playing, and even if it were not used for accompanying, it might sometimes be very useful for "voluntaries." At any rate, so far as it went, the playing would be correct.

The criticisms set forth in this article are intentionally outspoken and are perhaps somewhat severe; but if any real improvement is to be looked for, some plain speaking is necessary. Yet things are very far from hopeless. There is no doubt a good deal of misdirected energy; but the fact that almost every church in the land, however remote, is making some more or less serious attempt to tackle the musical question is full of hope. In every one of the Services attended there was something that deserved praise, if it was only the wise reticence which forbade that being attempted which could not be achieved. The choirs, where they existed, were in all cases, at any rate so far as the boys were concerned, a clear gain. And in every case the general ordering of the Service was obviously the result of care. One could only feel how greatly almost all the churches were in need of kindly expert advice, and how much better the Service might be, from the musical point of view, if only that were at hand. What great results, not only to the Church itself but to the musical life of the country, might be achieved if a few expert musicians were available to go round and visit country churches and to point out some of the obvious directions in which improvement might be effected! It is not that the clergy and those in authority do not care about these things; but no amount of articles or books or lectures will give the sort of help that is actually needed; what is required is personal guidance in each individual case. Surely the Church ought to be able to provide this. One qualified musician in each diocese could do an immense amount; but it would need a man of great experience, no "crank," and one able to devote a great deal of time to the work: moreover, he should be properly recompensed and regarded as a regular diocesan official.

This question of church music is not an unimportant one. From the national standpoint it must be remembered that in many

places the church choir is the only musical organization of any kind that is within reach : therefore good church music is bound to raise the level of the musical taste of the community, while bad church music is bound to lower it. From the ecclesiastical standpoint it must be remembered that not only are thinking people attracted to church, and helped when they get there, by good music, but they are actually repelled by bad : and indeed in these days of diminished congregations the Church cannot afford to neglect such an important agency. It may be said that uneducated people do not understand good music and prefer what is "popular" : this is to some extent true. Equally, many people prefer vice to virtue ; but that is no argument against preaching sound doctrine. One great office of the Church is to teach, and even in artistic matters this must not be overlooked. It should be recognized that the music in a village church can perfectly well be made edifying, if only it is wisely chosen and within the capacity of the performers ; also that no amount of elaboration can make a Service beautiful unless the simple things are well rendered. It is not a question of the amount but of the quality. And in church music we want, and have a right to expect, not praiseworthy attempts but actual attainment.

SYDNEY H. NICHOLSON.

SAILOR SHANTIES.

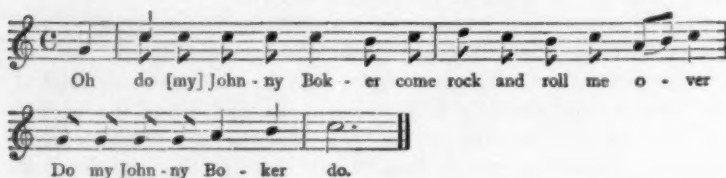
I.

A SHANTY was a labour song, sung by sailors aboard the old sailing ships. Each class of work had its own class of shanty by which the labour was lightened. Sailors sang shanties only when at work; never by way of recreation. Shanties were moreover confined to the merchant service; they were never used aboard men-o'-war, where the work was carried out in silence,—the orders being given to the pipe of the bo'sun's whistle.

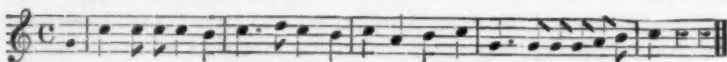
The advent of screw steamers sounded the death knell of the shanty. Aboard the steamer there were practically no sails to be manipulated; the donkey engine and steam winch supplanted the hand-worked windlass and capstan. By the end of the 'seventies steam had driven the sailing ship from the face of the waters. A number of sailing vessels lingered on through the 'eighties, but they retained little of the corporate pride and splendour that was once theirs. The old spirit was gone, never to return.

When the sailing ship ruled the waters and the shanty was a living thing, no one appears to have paid heed to it. To the landsman of those days—before folk-song hunting had begun—the haunting beauty of the tunes would appear to have made no appeal. This may be partly accounted for by the fact that he would never be likely to hear the sailor sing them ashore, and partly because of the Rabelaisian character of the words to which they were sung aboard ship. We had very prim notions of propriety in those days, and were apt to overlook the beauty of the melodies, and to speak of shanties in bulk as "low vulgar songs." Be that as it may, it was not until the early 'eighties—when the shanty was beginning to die out with the sailing ship—that any attempt was made to form a collection. W. L. Alden in *Harper's Magazine*, and James Runciman—in the *St. James' Gazette* and other papers—wrote articles on the subject, and gave musical quotations. In 1888 Miss L. A. Smith of Newcastle-on-Tyne published *The Music of the Waters*, a thick volume into which was tumbled indiscriminately and uncritically a collection of all sorts of tunes from all

sorts of countries which had any connection with seas, lakes, rivers, or their geographical equivalents. Scientific folk-song collecting was not understood in those days, and consequently all was fish that came to the authoress's net. Sailor shanties and landmen's nautical effusions were jumbled together higgledy-piggledy, along with "Full Fathom Five" and the "Eton boating song." But this lack of discrimination, pardonable in those days, was not so serious as the inability to write the tunes down correctly. So long as they were copied from other song-books they were not so bad. But when it came to taking them down from the seamen's singing the results were deplorable. Had the authoress been able to give us correct versions of the shanties, her collection would have been a valuable one. One example (of what runs all through the book) will be sufficient to show how a lack of the rudiments of music renders valueless what would otherwise have been a document of importance. This is the Tyneside version of "Johnny Boker," one of the best known of all shanties:—



Here follows the version of Miss Smith; she gives no words, and entitles it "Johnny Polka":—



It will be seen that the notes are given correctly, but their respective time values are all wrong, and the barring which this involves makes the version a travesty.

The book contains altogether about thirty-two shanties collected from sailors in the Tyne seaports. Since both Miss Smith and myself hail from Newcastle, her "hunting ground" for shanties was also mine, and I am consequently in a position to assess the importance or unimportance of her work. I may therefore say that although hardly a single shanty is noted down correctly, I can see clearly (having myself noted the same tunes, in the same district,) what she intended to convey, and furthermore can vouch

for the accuracy of some of the words which were common to north country sailors, and have not appeared in other collections. As examples I may mention those of "Rio Grande," "Lowlands," "Blow the man down," "Hilo my Ranzo Way," "Santy Anna," and "Heave away my Johnny." If I have dealt at some length with Miss Smith's book it is not because I wish to disparage a well-intentioned effort, but because I constantly hear *The Music of the Waters* quoted as an authoritative book on sailor shanties; and since the shanties in it were all collected in the district where I spent boyhood and youth, I am familiar with all of them, and can state definitely that they are in no sense authoritative. I should like however to pay my tribute of respect to Miss Smith's industry, and to her enterprise in calling attention to tunes that then seemed in a fair way to disappear.

About the same time appeared a collection entitled *Sailors' Songs or Chanties*, in which the music was "composed and arranged on traditional sailor airs" by Dr. Ferris Tozer. These two pieces of information rule the book out of court, since (a) a sailor song is not a shanty, and (b) to "compose and arrange on traditional airs" is to destroy the traditional form.

Other collections have since appeared, but (for reasons into which I prefer not to enter here) none of them are genuinely authoritative save Capt. W. B. Whall's *Sea Songs, Ships, and Shanties*. Capt. Whall studied music under Sir John Stainer, consequently we have the necessary combination (which all the other collections lack) of seamanship and musicianship. Since I follow the profession of a church organist, it may reasonably be asked "by what authority" I speak concerning shanties, and shanty collecting. I ought therefore to explain that my maternal ancestors have followed the sea as far back as the family history can be traced. I have "grown up with" sailor shanties,—sung to me by sailor uncles and grand-uncles since I was a child. I have in later years collected shanties from all manner of sailors, but chiefly from Northumbrian sources. I have collated these later versions with the ones which I learnt at first hand from sailor relatives as a boy. And lastly, I lived for some years in the West Indies,—one of the few remaining spots where the shanty is still alive.

The derivation of the word is unknown. Two have been proposed, but without producing any evidence that could satisfy a philologist. One of them, (*un*) *chanté* has the disadvantage of suggesting that the word rhymes with "auntie"; and when, in consequence of this derivation, the word is spelt "chanty," the ordinary reader is led to pronounce it "tehahnty" which arouses the irritation and contempt of the sailor, who *always, everywhere*

makes it alliterate with "shall" and rhyme with "scanty." Its pronunciation is best represented by "Shanty" as in the Oxford Dictionary, which assigns 1869 for its introduction into literature. There is very little to be said for the derivation from shanty, a hut, but that from (*un*) *chanté* will not bear serious inspection.

As to the origin of shanty tunes I have a third explanation, but it cannot be printed. They would appear to have been sung in British ships as early as the 15th century. But as Capt. Whall deals with this point in his book, nothing further need be said here. The varied character of the sailor's tunes indicates a variety of sources. Mediterranean voyages would account for Italian influence, as, for example, in the following, which has not been printed before. Although sung to me by a Northumbrian sailor, it is redolent of the languor of Venetian lagoons, of moonlight, and swift stealing gondolas, and the tinkling guitar, with its unchanging tonic and dominant harmonies:—

MY JOHNNY.

Shantyman. *Chorus.*

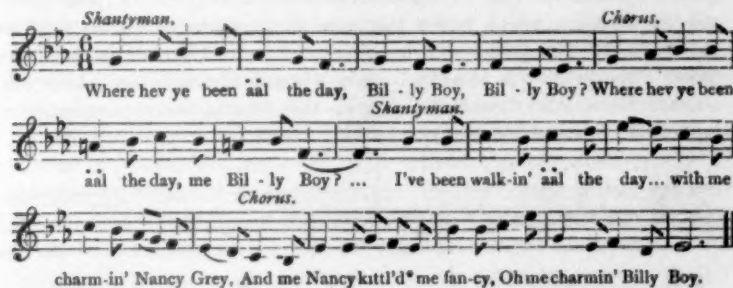
We're homeward bound to - day,..... But where is my John-ny?.... My
Shantyman.
 own dear John - ny, ... My own dear John-ny, ... We'll drink and court and
Chorus.
 play,..... But al - ways think of John - ny. ... My live - ly
 John - ny, Good - bye..... &c.

This is clearly a definite song annexed wholesale, and fitted with English words. Its modern tonality will not attract folk-song collectors, but my sailorman informed me that it was a favourite "interchangeable" shanty in his ship.

Folk-songs learnt ashore in his native fishing village provided much of the material from which the sailor's shanty was fashioned. Sometimes there would be no adaptation, and the song (especially if it had a double refrain) would be sung complete, as in the following example. It is Northumbrian in origin, and deals with the same topic as "My boy Billy" collected by Dr. Vaughan-Williams.

Both words and tune are different from Dr. Vaughan-Williams's, but the idea is the same:—"Billy" has been out courting, and undergoes cross-questioning concerning the qualifications of his lady-love as housewife. The theme seems common (with varying words and tune) to several English counties.

BILLY BOY.



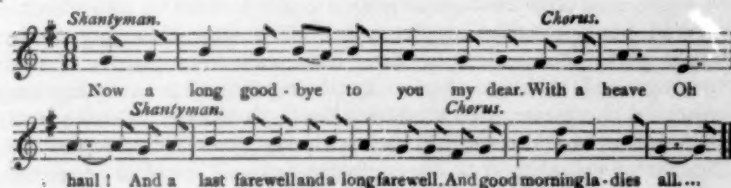
Shantyman. Where hev ye been aal the day, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy? Where hev ye been
Chorus.
Shantyman. aal the day, me Bil - ly Boy? ... I've been walk-in' aal the day... with me
Chorus.
 charm-in' Nancy Grey, And me Nancy kittl'd* me fan-cy, Oh me charmin' Billy Boy.

* Kittled = tickled.

VERSE 2. *Solo* Is she fit to be yor wife,
 Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Chorus Is she fit to be yor wife,
 My Billy Boy?
Solo She's as fit to be me wife
 As the fork is to the knife,
Chorus And me Nancy kittled, etc.

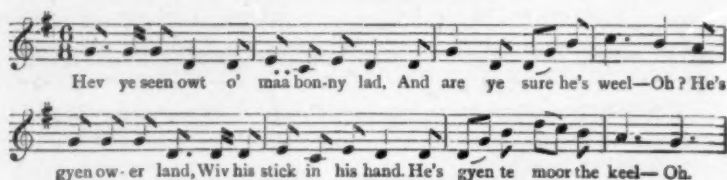
Although I had the following from a Northumbrian sailor, I should hesitate to ascribe the tune to a Northumbrian source without further corroboration. Again the theme—or at least the title—is a familiar one, but I have not come across the tune (or variants of it) in any other part of the country. It was used as a halliard shanty:—

GOOD MORNING, LADIES ALL.



Shantyman. Now a long good - bye to you my dear. With a heave Oh
Chorus.
Shantyman. haul! And a last farewell and a long farewell. And good morning la - dies all...
Chorus.

The following beautiful tune I used to hear when a child in the fishing villages of Cresswell and Hauxley. I have the authority of Mr. James Runciman for its being used as a capstan shanty. I cannot remember the words, but Mr. Runciman printed two verses in his book *The Romance of the Coast*. I can now find no one in the district who remembers the song, and my efforts to recapture the words (by enquiries in Newcastle newspapers) have so far proved fruitless. Sir Walter Runciman—who knows practically all the shanties which had a vogue in Blyth ships—tells me that he never heard this particular tune so used. He thinks it must have been “made into a shanty” only aboard the ship in which Mr. James Runciman heard it. I give the chorus, as my memory is not to be trusted for the rest of the words :—



In my boyhood the Northumbrian coast was specially rich in folk-songs known to the inhabitants of every fishing village. A considerable proportion of these were bilinear in form, with a lilt or refrain after each line. The presence of this double chorus made such folk-songs specially suitable for shanties. Up to now I do not think it has ever been satisfactorily explained in print why shanties of this type were so strictly localised. The facts would seem to be these. At Blyth and Amble, for example, there was a flourishing Seaman's Union. Its objects were not so pronounced as the Seamen's Unions of to-day. It was to some extent a benefit club, and only on matters of grave importance did it approach shipowners in its corporate capacity. The duty on which it most prided itself, and which it carried out with the utmost rigour was the examination of apprentices when they had completed their indentures. Every apprentice when “out of his time” aspired to a position as Able Seaman either aboard the vessel in which he had served his apprenticeship, or some other ship belonging to the same port. But sailors in those days were very jealous of their prestige and their privileges. In their pride of seamanship they resented the presence of a lubber aboard their ship. Consequently before they would consent to sail with any time-expired apprentice, the latter was obliged to appear before a small board or committee

of the sailors of the union, and undergo a very searching examination on all points of practical seamanship. If he passed this severe test he was at liberty to sail in any ship, and was received by any crew as a comrade and an equal. If he failed, he could only ship aboard a vessel as "Half Marrow," receiving only half an ordinary AB's pay. In such contempt was the Half Marrow held, that many ships' crews would not sail with one, and I have even known engagements (contracted during apprenticeship) broken off because a girl's pride would not allow her to marry a sailor whom she regarded as a discredit to his profession. I have also known cases where a Half Marrow, scorned by every ship in his native seaport, was obliged to migrate to the Tyne or even to Bristol, in order to obtain employment aboard a type of ship which carried a miscellaneous crew, and where the corporate pride of seamanship was not so pronounced. In those days sailors became so attached to their ship that they were content to spend their whole lives in her, and almost broke their hearts if circumstances obliged them to make a change. It will thus be seen that any local folk-song which obtained a footing aboard the ships of any one port would not be likely, owing to the more or less fixed *personnel* of the crews, to travel farther afield.

Another source of shanties was undoubtedly negroid. The following well-known shanty is a type with which sailors would necessarily become familiar at cotton seaports :—

ROLL THE COTTON DOWN.

Shantyman. *Chorus.*

I'm bound to A - la - ba - ma Oh roll the cot-ton

Shantyman. *Chorus.*

down, I'm bound to A - la - ba - ma Oh roll the cot-ton down.

I have seen it stated in the preface to a recent collection of shanties that those of negro origin are characterized by what we should now call ragtime. This is far from being the case. If there is one thing more than another which distinguishes negro music, it is its direct and insistent rhythm. Everything the negro does is rhythmic. My first experience of this was in the West Indies when two negro carpenters were shingling the roof of my house. Unlike "Bukkra" operatives they did not work independently,

but, although engaged on opposite sides of the roof, drove in the nails tap for tap alternately, to the following rhythmic figure :—



This particular rhythm seemed to be the commonest out there, and the most gratifying to their primitive instincts, which were chiefly exercised when the moon was at the full. Parties of negroes would then sit out of doors and beat it through the night without intermission on instruments which for the sake of romance I should like to say were tom-toms. Truth however obliges me to state that the maddening reiteration was effected on "Huntley and Palmer" biscuit tins. Ragtime is a product of the stage nigger, not of the real negro. I never found any negro use syncopation. The popular impression that he does so is no doubt due to careless observation of the way in which he beats time to any given tune, viz :—by a tap of the foot followed by a clap of the hands. The foot-tap always comes on the strong beat, and the hand-clap on the weak one. Since the bare foot makes no sound, the casual observer does not notice its action, but he does both see and hear the hand-clap (off the beat) and thinks he is listening to syncopation. A moment's reflection will show that ragtime or any other form of syncopated music is just the thing which could not be used for a shanty where the pull on the rope must necessarily occur on the strong beat of the music.

American influence both as regards music and phraseology is traceable throughout the history of the shanty. One quotation of a beautiful tune—known to every sailor—will suffice :—

SHENANDOAH.

Shantyman. *Chorus.*

Oh, Shen-an - dore, I long to hear you A - way you roll - ing

Shantyman. *Chorus.*

ri - ver ;... Oh, Shen-an - dore, I long to hear you, A -

- way I'm bound to go 'cross the wide Mis - sou - ri.

Another source about which there is a certain amount of misapprehension is to be found in popular airs which were annexed in their entirety. "A-roving," "John Brown's Body," and others were used in this way. "Camptown Races" became "The Banks of Sacramento" and so on. As an old sailor once said to me "You can make anything into a shanty." Bullen included in his collection the equally well-known "Poor Paddy works on the Railway," and his expressed dislike for it was doubtless due to the commonly accepted opinion that it was not a genuine shanty, but had been imported wholesale from "The Christy Minstrels" who flourished in the 'fifties. But I think it is not sufficiently understood that just as sailors borrowed and adapted tunes from any and every source, so did the Christy Minstrels. Without wishing to be dogmatic, I have the following reason for thinking that "The Christies" annexed "Poor Paddy" from the sailor, and not *vice versa*. Mr. James Runciman (who died in 1891) gave me a shanty which he had learnt from a great-uncle of his, the melody of which is nothing more or less than that of "Poor Paddy." I place the two side by side for purposes of comparison:—

THE SHAVER.

Shantyman.

When I was a lit - tle ti - ny boy, I went to sea in

Stor - my's em - ploy. I sail'd a - way a - cross the sea, When

I was just a Sha - ver, a Sha - ver. It's I was wea - ry

of the sea, when I was just a Sha - ver.

VERSE 2. *Solo* Oh they whacked me up, and they whacked me down.

The Mate he cracked me on the crown.

They whacked me round, and round, and round.

Chorus When I was just a Shaver.

It's I was weary, etc.

POOR PADDY WORKS ON THE RAILWAY.

Shantyman.

The musical score is written on four staves in a single system. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words underlined. The second staff has a 'Chorus' label above it. The third and fourth staves continue the melody and lyrics. The piece ends with a double bar line.

In eigh - teen hun-dred and for - ty one, My cor - du - roy bree - ches
 I put on, My cor - du - roy bree - ches I put on, To
 work up - on the rail - way, the rail - way. I'm wea - ry of the
 rail - way, Oh poor Pad - dy works on the rail - way.

So here at any rate we have an instance of a tune, universally attributed to the Christy Minstrels, but which (whatever its original source) was actually sung at sea before the Christy Minstrels came into existence. (A "Shaver"—by the way—is the north country equivalent of the Cockney term "Little Nipper.")

R. R. TERRY.

To be continued.

OLD KEYED INSTRUMENTS AND THEIR MUSIC

"There is something in Musick of Divinity more than the ear discovers; it is an Hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole World, and creatures of GOD; such a melody to the ear, as the whole World, well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of GOD."

(SIR THOMAS BROWNE, 1642).

THE Art which inspired these noble words was in the 16th and 17th centuries by no means in the primitive state attributed to it by those who, ignorant alike of the wealth of musical compositions which then existed in England and of the quality of the instruments on which it was performed, are apt to give the name of an "old spinet" indifferently to a clavichord, harpsichord or early piano. True, it is impossible to judge accurately of the original quality of an old and battered instrument, but, during the last few years many old instruments have been restored, new ones have been made, and the public is beginning to realize that the beauty and interest of old music can be fully appreciated only when it is played on the instruments for which it was written.

Of these the Clavichord stands apart, not only as being possibly the earliest of the keyed stringed instruments,* but also because its mechanism differs entirely from that of the others. In shape oblong and rectangular, not unlike that of an old square piano, its strings of finely drawn brass wire are struck by a brass blade, called a tangent; and it is possible, by the pressure of the finger on the key after the note is struck and while the tangent is still in contact with the string, to obtain not only a *vibrato* but even a sharpening of the pitch and a marvellous delicacy of tone, capable of the finest gradations. The clavichord might be described as a microcosm of musical sound. Its music is like a landscape viewed through the wrong end of a telescope. It is capable of an infinite variety, and of expressing the most poignant emotion. It is emphatically the instrument of the musician and teems with difficulties which have been recognized from very early times. Among the "proverbis" written about the time of Henry VII on the walls of the Manor House at Leckingfield, near Beverley, Yorkshire, an-

* The earliest dependable mention of the clavichord is in Eberhard Cernae's *Rules of the Minnesingers*, 1404.

ciently belonging to the Percys, Earls of Northumberland, were many relating to musical instruments. Of the clavichord was written :—

“He that fingerithe well the keys of the Clavicordis maketh a goode
songe,
For in the meane is the melodye with a rest longe ;
If the tewnyys be not pleasant to him that hath no skill,
Yet no lack to the Clavicorde for he doeth his goode will.”

Again, a writer of a poem on music in the early part of the 16th century gives the following advice :—

“The Clavycorde hath a tunely kinde ;
As the wyre is wrested hye or lowe,
So it tuneth to the player's mynde ;
For as it is wrested so must it nedes showe,
As by this reason ye may well knowe,
Any instrument mystunyd shall hurte a trew songe,
Yet blame not the Clavycorde, the wrester doth wronge.”

The early clavichords were, to use the German term, *gebunden*, that is, each pair of strings served for two or even three notes. It was not until the time of John Sebastian Bach that each note was provided with its own pair of strings. We are told on good authority that it was his favourite instrument ; he considered it the best for study and in general for private musical entertainment. His favourite and best pupils were those who excelled in playing it ; he wrote for it the celebrated Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues and many other of his finest works. These played on a piano are as the dry bones of a skeleton when compared with the living breathing beauty revealed by their performance on a clavichord. In Dr. Burney's Life is recorded a visit to Philip Emanuel Bach in 1772, in which he says :—

“M. Bach was so obliging as to sit down to his Silverman Clavichord and favourite instrument, on which he played three or four of his choicest and most difficult compositions, with the delicacy, precision and spirit for which he is so justly celebrated among his countrymen. In the pathetic and slow movements, whenever he had a long note to express, he absolutely contrived to produce from his instrument a cry of sorrow and complaint, such as can only be effected on the Clavichord and, perhaps, by himself.”

Jacob Adlung, a contemporary of Bach, declared that “A good Clavichord, well played, is sweeter and more heart stirring than any other instrument” ; Mozart used it in composing ; Beethoven considered that “among all keyed instruments it was that on which one could best control tone and expressive interpretation.” Possibly on account of the difficulty of playing it, it never seems to

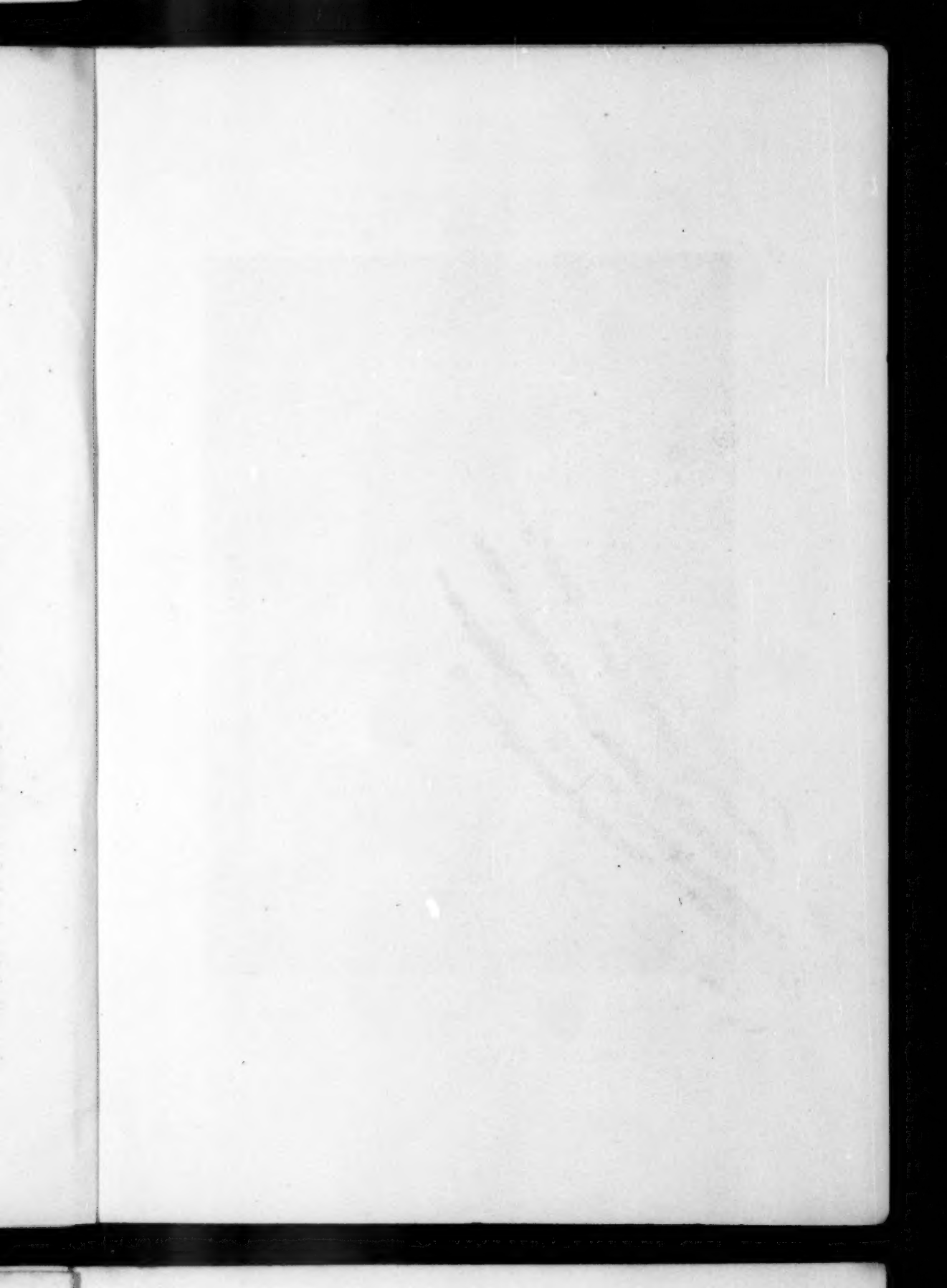




Photo.]

JAN STEEN. FROM THE WALLACE COLLECTION.

[Manell.]

have been so popular an instrument as the virginals in England. There are several mentions of it during the reign of Henry VII, but only two in the inventory of Henry VIII's large collection of musical instruments.

Item. A paire of Claricordes covered with gilte leather.

Item. A paire of Claricordes covered with leather silvered.

The term pair signified a gradation or sequence as we use the word for a pair of steps. Of the three in my possession, made by Arnold Dolmetsch, each has a distinct personality, because these, like the old instruments, are made by the hand of a skilled craftsman.

When we turn to the Virginals, Spinet and Harpsichord, we find that they all belong to the same family, the two last being a development of the first. The principle of their mechanism is the same; a wooden upright called a *jack* is raised when a key is struck, and causes a *plectrum* to pluck the strings. Various materials were used for these *plectra*, the principal being quills and leather. Ravens' quills give a more brilliant tone than leather ones, though not so sweet, and the latter also have the advantage of being more durable. The tone of the virginals is louder and quite different from that of the clavichord; its execution is less difficult, and it became increasingly popular during the 16th century. No less than thirty-eight "paires of Virginals" of various kinds are named in the inventory of the musical instruments belonging to Henry VIII. That it was a favourite instrument may be judged by the lavish workmanship bestowed on many of the cases. There are some most beautiful examples in the South Kensington Museum, while the description of some in the above named inventory read like a fairy tale of enchanted beauty:—

"Item. Twoo faire paire of newe longe Virginalles made harpe fashion of Cipres with keies of Ivorie having the King's armes crowned and supported by his graces beastes within a gartier guilte standinge over the said keies with two cases to them covered with blacke leather the inner partes of the liddes of the saide cases beinge of wallnuttre with sondrie antickes of white wood wrought in the same."

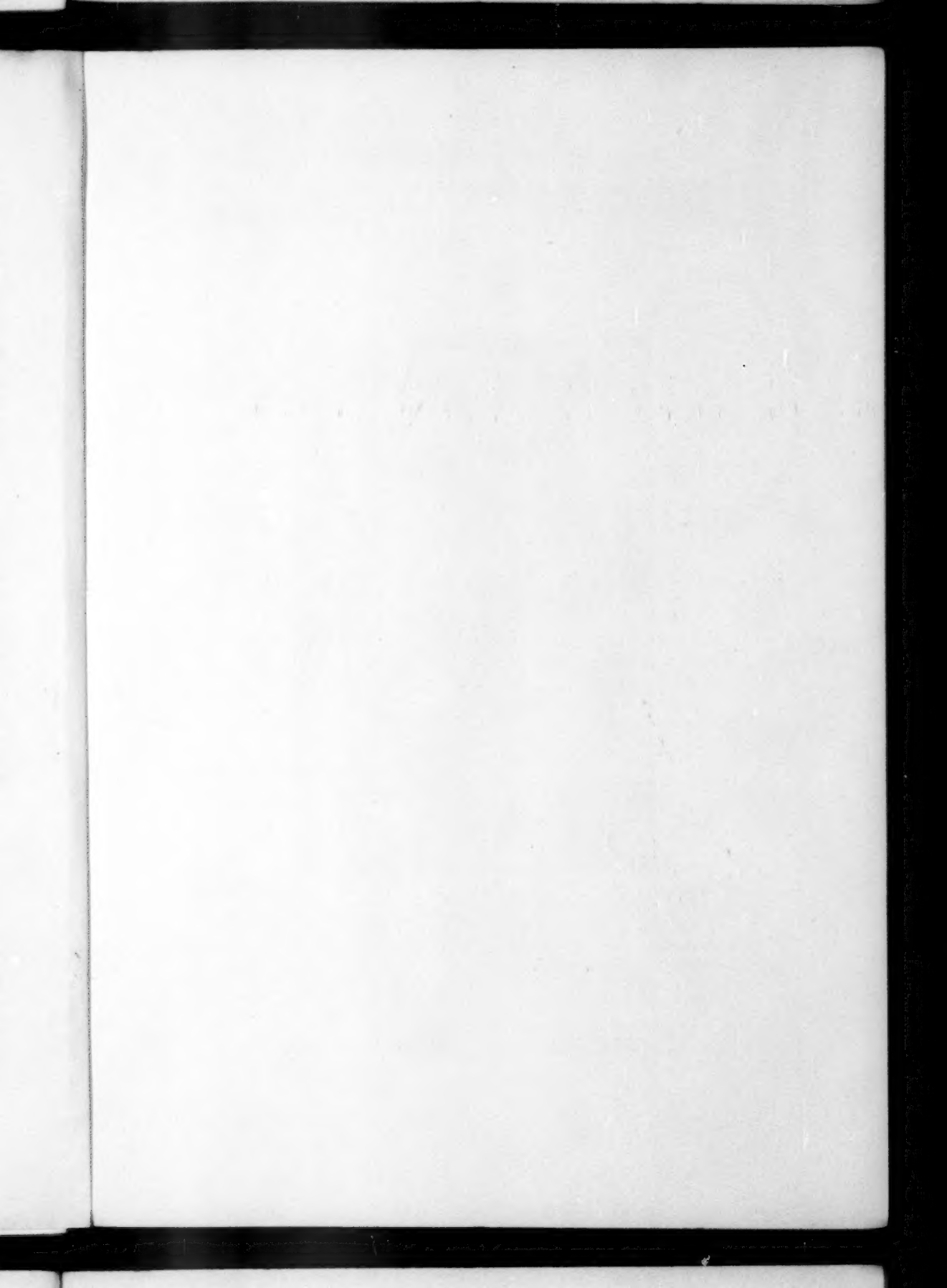
Virginals were called Spinetti in France and Italy, but of the instrument known in England by that name there is no reliable mention until the latter half of the 17th century. It is, in fact, a small harpsichord, with single strings disposed obliquely and forming an angle of about 45° with the row of jacks, which are parallel, or nearly so, with the keyboard. Hitchcock and Hayward were the two famous makers of these in the reign of Charles II. Pepys, in his Diary, July 15th, 1668, writes:—

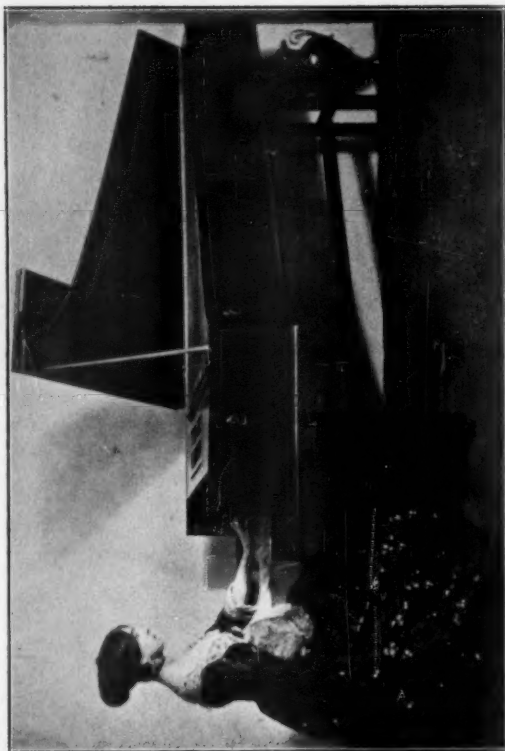
"At noon is brought home the espinette I bought the other day of Haward; cost me £5."

The development of the harpsichord from the virginals is interesting to trace. "The newe longe Virginalles" differed from the ordinary simple instrument whose strings were stretched parallel with the keyboard. The harp shape permitted the strings to be given their full length and consequent richness of tone, and more space being available between the strings led to an important series of improvements." To quote Arnold Dolmetsch—"A second set of strings was added side by side with the first, and a second row of jacks to play upon them. The guides which keep the jacks in position being movable, a very small displacement from left to right, commanded by a stop, would cause the *plectra* either to catch the string or pass it silently at will. Two strings in unison were thus available for each note, either severally or together, making three varieties of strength and tone colour available. A third set of shorter strings, tuned in the higher octave, being placed under the two unisons, further enriched the instrument with a four foot register and made seven combinations of tone available. By the addition of a second set of keys, two different sets of strings could be made to dialogue together, by placing each hand on a different keyboard, and an instantaneous change from soft to loud became possible, one of the keyboards sounding one string only and the other all three strings."* There is ample contemporary proof that such instruments were in use in the 16th century. They were, in fact, harpsichords, though this as a distinctive name from the virginals was not given to them in England until a later date. In the early harpsichords the stops were all controlled by the hand; the earliest mention of the use of pedals for the purpose is to be found in a description given in Mace's *Musick's Monument* (1676) of an—

"*Instrument of a Late Invention, contriv'd (as I have been inform'd) by one Mr. John Hayward of London There is made right underneath the Keys, near the Ground, a kind of Cubbord, or Box, which opens with a little Pair of Doors, in which Box the Performer sets both his Feet, resting them upon his Heels, (his Toes a little turning up) touching nothing, till such a time as he has a Pleasure to employ them; which is after this manner, viz. There being right underneath his Toes 4 little Pummels of Wood, under each Foot 2, any one of Those 4 he may Tread upon at his Pleasure; which by the Weight of his Foot drives a Spring, and so Causeth the whole Instrument to Sound, either Soft or Loud, according as he shall chuse to Tread any of them down; (for without the Foot*

* Some possessed an additional fourth row of strings, giving a 16ft. tone. Bach possessed and wrote for such an instrument.





MRS. GORDON WOODHOUSE AT HER 18TH CENTURY HARPSICHORD.

so us'd *Nothing Speaks*.) So that thus you may perceive he has several *Various Stops* at Pleasure; and all *Quick and Nimble*, by the *Ready Turn* of the Foot."

The Rückers family of Antwerp were the great harpsichord makers from 1579 to 1651, or later; their tradition was transferred to England by a Fleming named Tabel, whose pupil, Burkhart Tschudi, became a great master of the craft in the 18th century. The harpsichord in the illustration (opposite) is by Thomas Culliford, 1785, and is a very fine instrument. I have also in my possession a very beautiful harpsichord which I constantly use, made by Arnold Dolmetsch.

It is difficult to understand why an instrument capable of almost endless combinations, contrasts, variety and beauty of tone should have fallen into disuse. In it a whole orchestra in miniature is at our command. It harmonizes with strings and with the human voice as no piano could ever do. Moreover, works composed for the harpsichord can never be properly interpreted by a piano, which, whatever its own qualities and merits, is an absolutely different instrument. How much of the original essence of a poem is lost even in the very best of translations! So much, and more, is lost in the performance on the piano of works written by Bach for the harpsichord. The argument that had Bach possessed a modern piano he would have written for it seems to me absurd. Who can say what he *might* have done? The fact remains that he wrote, not for the piano, but for the clavichord and harpsichord, and the instruments possess nothing in common save a keyboard. Nobody suggests that the organ fugues would be better played on a piano. Beethoven's later sonatas, written for the piano, do not suit the harpsichord, but many of the earlier ones, often a little dull and monotonous on the former, are delightful when given the contrast and variety of tone of the instrument for which they were written. Scarlatti's sonatas lose their style, variety, and intention on a piano. To practise them on the harpsichord is to discover more and more of their beauty.

When we go back to the music of the 16th and 17th centuries we find that a really amazing amount of beautiful music for keyed string instruments has been preserved. First in importance is the book preserved in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Hawkins in his *History of Music* says that it belonged to Queen Elizabeth, but as the latest composition in it is dated nine years after her death this is very improbable. It is a folio volume, beautifully bound, and contains nearly 300 different pieces by upwards of thirty different composers. The music is written on a six lined stave and is all copied in the same handwriting. This

is supposed to be that of one Francis Tregian and, although nothing is known for certain, there are fair grounds for the conjecture that he wrote out the music, possibly largely from memory, whilst in prison as a recusant. In the 18th century it belonged to Dr. Pepusch, Director of the Academy of Ancient Music. It was bought at his sale in 1762 and given to Lord Fitzwilliam. Besides this volume there are two other MS. books of virginal music belonging to the King (now in the British Museum). These are :—

(1) *Will. Foster's Virginal Book*—a collection of 78 pieces by various writers. "A Table of Lessons" at the beginning of the book, written in the same hand as the rest, is signed "31 Jan. 1624. Will Foster."

(2) *Benjamin Cosyns' Virginal Book*—a fine Folio in contemporary binding containing 98 different pieces. Hawkins mentions Cosyns as a noted composer for and player on the virginals, but nothing is really known about him.

A fourth MS. collection of Virginal Music, entitled *My Ladye Nevell's Book*, has belonged ever since it was written to the Nevill family. It contains 42 pieces for the virginals, all written by William Byrd and was transcribed by John Baldwine of Windsor, "in the yeere of our Lorde God, 1591."

The first printed book of Virginal Music is *PARTHENIA, or The Maydenhead of the first musicke that ever was printed for the Virginals, Composed by three famous Masters, William Byrd, Dr. John Bull and Orlando Gibbons, Gentlemen of His Majestyes most Illustrious Chappell*. It is dated 1611. There is an interesting engraving on the title page of a lady playing, the method of fingering of the time being well shown by the position of the hands. Most of the music in these various volumes is Elizabethan, or even earlier. It is so varied as to teach us how wide was the range of musical composition four centuries ago. We have dances and songs, some used as a theme for many variations, sometimes arranged as a suite,—as when a Pavan is followed by a Galliard and preceded by a prelude. There are pieces in which we can trace the beginnings of the fugue, and romantic and fancy pieces. Of the numerous musicians who wrote them, one of the most famous is Dr. John Bull. He was a real virtuoso whose work reveals a profound knowledge of harmony and counterpoint and also of the possibilities of the instrument at his disposal. His works present many but not insurmountable difficulties and their beauties make them well worth the study. On a scroll round his portrait in the Music School at Oxford is the punning motto :—

"The Bull by force in field doth raigne,
But Bull by skill good will doth gayne."

Of William Byrd Peacham wrote in his *Compleat Gentleman* :—

“For Motets and Musicke of piety and devotion, as well for the honor of our nation as the meritt of the man, I preferre above all other our *Phoenix*, Mr. Wm. Byrd, whom in that kinde I knowe not whether any may equal.”

An epigram by John Baldwine, his contemporary, is equally flattering :—

“With fingers and with penne he hath not now his peere ;
For in this world so wide there is none can him come neere ;
The rarest man he is in Musicke's worthy arte
That now on earth doth live—I speak it from my harte—
Or heretofore hath been or after him shall come,
None such I feare shall rise that may be called his sonne.”

Of other contributors to these books Morley, Gibbons and Tallis are perhaps better known for their songs and sacred music, while hardly anything is known of Richard and Giles Farnaby and of William Tisdall. Of the few pieces attributed to the latter in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book there is a Pavan which for sheer beauty compares with the very best in this volume of treasures.

Mention, too, must be made of one of the very greatest of the Elizabethan musicians, John Dowland, for though he did not himself write for the virginals, many of his airs are used as themes by the other contributors, notably the celebrated “*Lachrymae*” Pavan.

Those who would learn how the music of these old masters should be performed should study Arnold Dolmetsch's book—*The Interpretation of the Music of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries, revealed by Contemporary Evidence*. It is a veritable mine of authentic information, the result of many years' research among rare old books. Much in old days was left to the discretion of the player, and it is only by endeavouring to discover what was the real spirit of the music of the old Masters that these problems can be solved. There is much to be learnt of rhythm, ornamentation, fingering, figured basses. Of ornamentation particularly ; for this early music, shorn of its ornaments, loses all its character. The study brings its own reward in the discovery of more and more of beauty. We learn with what justice English music was in the 16th century renowned all over Europe. The English Renaissance was not only famous for its statesmen, its soldiers, explorers, and literature, but in its music, too, we breathe “an ampler, a diviner air.”

VIOLET GORDON WOODHOUSE.

A piece for harpsichord written for Mrs. Woodhouse appears on pp. 73-75.

The photograph of Mrs. Woodhouse is inserted at the Editor's special request.—Ed.

WORDS TO MUSIC

THE story of the Song from the middle ages until now is one of the decline of a sweet and noble art to a state of mean degradation. Let us first follow it through some of the stages of its downward course; next let us examine prevailing conditions, and criticise some of the debased jingles that are to-day offered to the public ear as lyrics and ballads; and lastly we will attempt some suggestions towards an improvement in the future. Our investigation will deal with the literary side of the art; that is, we use the word *Song* in its dictionary meaning of "a lyrical poem adapted to vocal music," or "a short metrical composition, whose meaning is conveyed by the combined force of words and melody, and intended to be sung with or without accompaniment." It is, however, with that expression "combined force of words and melody" that we approach the modern musical composer, and charge him that he has failed to maintain those conditions of harmonious collaboration with the poets essential to the prosperity of his art; that, in fact, the word *combined* is now omitted from his definition.

It will not be possible in the present essay to dwell at any length on the early periods of pure minstrelsy, nor do the objects of the essay require more than a brief statement of the principles to be deduced from the common practice of those periods. Dr. Percy defines the minstrels as "an order of men in the middle ages, who subsisted by the arts of poetry and music, and sang to the harp verses composed by themselves, or others." Scalds, bards, minnesingers, trovatori, courtly or popular minstrels of every kind were in those early days poets as well as musicians. Were they not indeed poets first and foremost, the musical structure of their song being determined solely by the inherent demands of language and metre, and the instrumental accompaniment an ornamental addition punctuating the words and subservient to the mood, voice, and even the hand of the poet-singer? Do not our modern poets, in their widowhood, still maintain the traditional idea with their constant references to the act of "singing" their verses, a ridiculous figure of speech, seeing that they actually mumble them in a study or bedroom, and few even acquire, indeed, the minor art of speaking them clearly and audibly in public?

The art of the early minstrels took its normal development of growth, maturity and decline. In other words, it sprang first from the natural soul of man ; it grew to flower, and then (as, in Germany, with the Meistersingers) it was stereotyped, commercialised, and passed through the orthodox phases of decay and death. Such natural changes occur and occur again in the history of all art ; they are none the less sad to the student. No age, however, that we recognise in history has been so absorbed in the sham and make-belief as this, our present epoch of British Song.

Our own good language reached its lyrical and dramatic maturity in the time of Queen Elizabeth. That was the high tide of Song, and from it we may take our depths. The minstrel order, however, about then, rapidly degenerated, though *singing* became popular. It was set forth as a good argument that "There is not any music of instruments whatsoever, comparable to that which is made of the voices of men, where the voices are good, and the same well sorted and ordered." Our present daily Press was then represented by the ballad of the day : news was rendered in verse, and was *sung*, (pretty custom !). The singing aloud of pleasant, not too bad verse was loved as a popular entertainment.

If music and sweet poetry agree,

wrote Richard Barnfield

—As needs they must (the sister and the brother).

Nevertheless the minstrels were much oppressed and persecuted, for many of them were rogues—though rogues of a more interesting kind than most of our modern representatives of their art.

But the salient fact that must correct any of our judgments is that in those auspicious times the *poets* applied themselves to the making of Song, that is to the composition of "a lyrical poem adapted to vocal music." They (now collected in anthologies) thought in actual terms of the musical composer's requirements, and he (*uncontrolled*) was anxious to adorn his accompaniment with the force of their words. "The year 1588," write Messrs. Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse in their *English Literature : an illustrated record*, "had been the occasion of a sudden outburst of musical talent in this country ; it is, approximately, the date of public recognition of the exquisite talent of Tallis, Bird and Dowland, and the foundation of their school of national lute-melody. This species of chamber-music instantly became the fashion, and remained so for at least some quarter of a century. It was necessary to find words for these airs, and the poems so employed were obliged to be lucid, liquid, brief, and of a temper suited to the gaiety or

sadness of the instrument. The demand created the supply, and . . . English lyrics took a perfect art and sweetness . . . As soon as a composer wanted a trill of pure song"—the poet offered it, as he still does; but the composer has been told by his bookseller that the poet's volume is (*sic*) "out of print," or by his publisher that there is no demand for such words, or, simply, his social engagements allow him no time for reading, or, frankly, (I shall say worse of him later), he is too lazy and too grasping to preserve, in honest fashion, the old and right tradition of "the combined force of words and melody."

The Elizabethan and Jacobean periods, so ripe in the finest literature of the song, witnessed, nevertheless, the decay of the art of the minstrel. Vocal music, so widely cultivated under Elizabeth, gradually gave way under the Stuarts to instrumental. The advent of opera, the introduction of new principles in musical composition, and finally the disintegrating and benumbing influence of the Commonwealth for a while interfered with the simplicity of natural Song.

It would be out of place in this essay to attempt any survey of the period of Purcell or of the 18th century. The lyrical material on which English composers drew, and might still draw, came into existence chiefly at an earlier time. Our purpose will now be to link up the connections of English Song, and show, if we can, the ignominiously small dimensions of its present vogue. The figure it now cuts is no more than that of a trained mouse in the limelight of a music-hall stage.

The masters of the earliest Song had that one supreme advantage of preceding the invention of printing. Memory is a far wiser instrument of record than type. Its rejections are more definite, and its acceptances more discriminating and permanent. Improvisation is more daring in its very nature and safer in its judgments than the carefully invented and prepared forms of art. The minstrel, too, was a person more essential to the society in which he lived than the musician. His art was necessary in the strict sense, whereas the art of the musician is incidental. For such reasons the period preceding the invention of the *Art-Song* must be considered outside our scope, and that invention may be said roughly to coincide with the general introduction of printing.

"Towards the end of the sixteenth century," writes Mr. A. H. Bullen in his Introduction to *Shorter Elizabethan Poems*, "the cultivation of music contributed largely to the improvement of lyrical poetry . . . In 1588 appeared the first English song-book of the famous composer William Byrd . . . Though he shows a marked fondness (particularly in his latest song-book) for old-fashioned

moral verses, his taste was fairly catholic. In many cases it is impossible to discover the authors of the poems set by Byrd."

Some of the opening lines of these mostly anonymous poems may with advantage be quoted :—

The nightingale so pleasant and so gay
In greenwood groves delights to make his dwelling.

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find.

Lady ! your look so gentle, so to my heart deep sinketh
That of none other, nor of myself it thinketh !

Retire my soul, consider thine estate.

Upon a summer's day Love went to swim,
And cast himself into a sea of tears.

These mere beginnings of songs are sufficient to reveal the characteristics of a finished and beautiful art. We pass to John Dowland's *First Book of Songs and Aires* :—

Think'st thou, then, by feigning
Sleep, with a grand disdain ;
Or, with thy crafty closing,
Thy cruel eyes reposing ;
To drive me from thy sight !

and to the incomparable Campion :—

To music bent, is my retired mind,
And fain would I, some Song of Pleasure sing
But in vain joys, no comfort now I find :
From heavenly thoughts all true delight doth spring.

or, here, his sweet and witty lyric beginning :

Never love ! unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man.

The songs of the dramatists are too well known to be quoted. A thousand, two thousand, beautiful lyrics crowd to the attention of English musicians, charming, whimsical, deeply serious and inherently musical. The poems quoted above are of little-known poets ; the smallest anthology provides examples of the well-known poems of Jonson, Herrick, Lovelace, Sidney, Suckling, Waller and the dozen others who " found words for airs."

The deterioration of taste, however, has been gradual. Com-

posers were not taught to-day or yesterday to avoid words that express human emotions in the most natural and rhythmical manner, and to seek those that express them most artificially. They have learnt it over a long series of decades ; they have walked down the whole ladder, rung by rung. *The British Minstrel : a collection of the most esteemed, popular, and new songs, duets, glees, choruses and recitations*, published weekly about the year 1824 shows the process in its downward course. Amongst the songs here printed as popular and representative specimens we find only the slightest pretention to lyrical or even verbal beauty. In the following stanzas from a favoured song in this periodical we spy the ancestral seed of our modern lyric :—

In my Cottage near a Wood,
Love and Rosa now are mine ;
Rosa ever fair and good,
Charm me with those smiles of thine.

Rosa, partner of my life,
Thee alone my heart shall prize ;
Thou the tender friend and wife,
Ah ! too swift life's current flies.

Only by a very elaborate process of analysis could we arrive at the psychological and social developments through which a public has been created now, almost entirely, deaf to the “combined force of words and melody.” We know that singers fail, as though intentionally, to render their words comprehensible, or even audible ; and that an audience will applaud some vocal or instrumental flourish, or even the attractive appearance of a singer, far more gladly than it will appreciate the intrinsic lyrical or emotional value of the song delivered. The lyrics of Shelley, Byron, Burns, Scott, Tennyson, Herrick, and a few others are still to be heard at concerts, but how seldom are they used otherwise than as a tag for the composer's musical accomplishment, and a series of sounds by means of which the singer's vocal skill may be exemplified. The poems of Keats are not often used, and, where they are, the musician's sickly choice can fall on such as the following, set, under the title “White Pearl” by H. V. Jervis-Read :—

Asleep ! O sleep, a little while, white Pearl !
And let me kneel and let me pray to thee,
And let me call heaven's blessing on thine eyes,
And let me breathe into the fragrant air
That doth enfold and wrap thee all about,
Vows of my slavery, my giving up,
My sudden adoration, my great love.

—Is this really Keats? If so, it is Keats dragged down almost to the level of Mr. E. Teschmacher's "Memory-Land":—

Away beyond the tumult,
 Away beyond the strife,
 There lies a happy Country
 Where sorrows ne'er are rife;

or Mr. F. E. Weatherley's "Broken Dreams":—

I dream of the day I met you, I dream of the skies so blue,
 When you were a little child, dear, and I was a child like you.

Never in the whole history of Song was its condition so debased as now, and never (Oh bitter irony!) was song-production so profitable a business. The spoils are divided in diminishing proportions between Publisher, Singer and Composer. The poet, even if he be a professional lyric-writer, simply does not count. His dole perhaps averages three guineas per song; it is often nothing, and it rises at most (and that in cases only of accomplished and well-known mediocrity) to twenty guineas. Words that would admirably suit the publisher's purpose could as easily be compiled by a skilled clerk in the office as by a poet; the job, however, is perhaps not even worth a salary. The music-publisher employs his singers and his composers: these, he finds, can earn him his fortune. He supervises the words of his songs and exercises the rights of rejection and alteration. In a recent number of *The Sphere*, Mr. Harry Graham summarises the rudimentary rules of song-writing as follows: "(1) Be simple, (2) Be brief, (3) Employ as many open vowels as possible. Simplicity of style is, of course, essential if you would appeal to the ordinary uncultured audience; the use of as few words as possible is equally necessary from the composer's point of view, while the singer will always insist upon his (or her) top notes falling upon open vowels." He cites the case of a song he once wrote of which the refrain (villainously enough) ended thus:—

I gave my life for a moment's bliss;
 I gave my soul for a kiss!

The word *kiss*, however, fell on a high F sharp. No *artiste* would undertake to sing it, and it was found necessary to substitute the word *star*—and so render the verses even worse nonsense than before. Mr. Graham however admits that the task of writing the words of a serious song demands "the total lack of a sense of humour, the power of expressing commonplace ideas in a brief but impressive fashion, a gift of mawkish sentimentality" . . . so perhaps he did not mind.

posers were not taught to-day or yesterday to avoid words that express human emotions in the most natural and rhythmical manner, and to seek those that express them most artificially. They have learnt it over a long series of decades ; they have walked down the whole ladder, rung by rung. *The British Minstrel : a collection of the most esteemed, popular, and new songs, duets, glees, choruses and recitations*, published weekly about the year 1824 shows the process in its downward course. Amongst the songs here printed as popular and representative specimens we find only the slightest pretention to lyrical or even verbal beauty. In the following stanzas from a favoured song in this periodical we spy the ancestral seed of our modern lyric :—

In my Cottage near a Wood,
Love and Rosa now are mine ;
Rosa ever fair and good,
Charm me with those smiles of thine.

Rosa, partner of my life,
Thee alone my heart shall prize ;
Thou the tender friend and wife,
Ah ! too swift life's current flies.

Only by a very elaborate process of analysis could we arrive at the psychological and social developments through which a public has been created now, almost entirely, deaf to the “combined force of words and melody.” We know that singers fail, as though intentionally, to render their words comprehensible, or even audible ; and that an audience will applaud some vocal or instrumental flourish, or even the attractive appearance of a singer, far more gladly than it will appreciate the intrinsic lyrical or emotional value of the song delivered. The lyrics of Shelley, Byron, Burns, Scott, Tennyson, Herrick, and a few others are still to be heard at concerts, but how seldom are they used otherwise than as a tag for the composer's musical accomplishment, and a series of sounds by means of which the singer's vocal skill may be exemplified. The poems of Keats are not often used, and, where they are, the musician's sickly choice can fall on such as the following, set, under the title “White Pearl” by H. V. Jervis-Read :—

Asleep ! O sleep, a little while, white Pearl !
And let me kneel and let me pray to thee,
And let me call heaven's blessing on thine eyes,
And let me breathe into the fragrant air
That doth enfold and wrap thee all about,
Vows of my slavery, my giving up,
My sudden adoration, my great love.

—Is this really Keats? If so, it is Keats dragged down almost to the level of Mr. E. Teschmacher's "Memory-Land":—

Away beyond the tumult,
 Away beyond the strife,
 There lies a happy Country
 Where sorrows ne'er are rife;

or Mr. F. E. Weatherley's "Broken Dreams":—

I dream of the day I met you, I dream of the skies so blue,
 When you were a little child, dear, and I was a child like you.

Never in the whole history of Song was its condition so debased as now, and never (Oh bitter irony!) was song-production so profitable a business. The spoils are divided in diminishing proportions between Publisher, Singer and Composer. The poet, even if he be a professional lyric-writer, simply does not count. His dole perhaps averages three guineas per song; it is often nothing, and it rises at most (and that in cases only of accomplished and well-known mediocrity) to twenty guineas. Words that would admirably suit the publisher's purpose could as easily be compiled by a skilled clerk in the office as by a poet; the job, however, is perhaps not even worth a salary. The music-publisher employs his singers and his composers: these, he finds, can earn him his fortune. He supervises the words of his songs and exercises the rights of rejection and alteration. In a recent number of *The Sphere*, Mr. Harry Graham summarises the rudimentary rules of song-writing as follows: "(1) Be simple, (2) Be brief, (3) Employ as many open vowels as possible. Simplicity of style is, of course, essential if you would appeal to the ordinary uncultured audience; the use of as few words as possible is equally necessary from the composer's point of view, while the singer will always insist upon his (or her) top notes falling upon open vowels." He cites the case of a song he once wrote of which the refrain (villainously enough) ended thus:—

I gave my life for a moment's bliss;
 I gave my soul for a kiss!

The word *kiss*, however, fell on a high F sharp. No *artiste* would undertake to sing it, and it was found necessary to substitute the word *star*—and so render the verses even worse nonsense than before. Mr. Graham however admits that the task of writing the words of a serious song demands "the total lack of a sense of humour, the power of expressing commonplace ideas in a brief but impressive fashion, a gift of mawkish sentimentality" . . . so perhaps he did not mind.

"No branch of music has been so freely handled by inferior and unpractised composers as the Song," writes Mrs. Edmond Wodehouse. And again: "The skill of the composer alone cannot develop the full capacities of the Song. When however poets and composers of the first rank have worked together in mutual sympathy and admiration, as did the German poets and composers of Goethe's age, the Song has quickly mounted to the loftiest heights of art."

The composers of modern England hardly know of the existence of their contemporary poets, nor, we are told on the best information, do more than (at the most generous estimate) half-a-dozen publishers of Songs encourage the slightest discrimination in words. The irregular stresses of English verse are said to present difficulties. These (if they are) obstacles should be the very salvation of the composer. They dictate the inherent character of the song. But he does not understand collaboration—except with the singer and the publisher. He does not know, perhaps, that the poet would like to meet him on equal terms, and that, under such conditions, compromise could be effected to the advantage of a mutual art.

Actually, if he wishes to remain dictator, it would be to the advantage of the discriminating song-publisher to employ a reader of poetry with power to select and advise as to the most suitable poems for recommendation to composers. But since he himself is but the slave of his advertisement-manager, the popular singer, we hardly dare make such a suggestion too seriously. What the singer refuses to advertise the publisher dare not issue. So, perhaps ultimately, the singer is most to blame for our present ignominious state.

Let the composer therefore, if he can, return to the original definition of Song, and realize that his art, if it be taken seriously, is distinct and separate from the other branches of music, and can be cultivated *only* in conjunction with the poet.

Let him attempt to meet the poet through his books, and, if necessary, in person. It needs a change of face, on both parts. Each has learnt to despise the other. We do not doubt that they would gladly waive their differences: nevertheless, we presume boldly to assert that, at present, the fault is chiefly with the composer.

Of course, in the manner of most critical writers, we are laying stress on the worse side of our subject. We have scarcely introduced names: therefore we cannot quote personal exceptions. Yet, "even some of our best composers," again to quote Mrs. Edmond Wodehouse, "seem scarcely to have bestowed a thought on the due correspondence of the accents of the verse with the

accents of the music . . . There is nothing in our language which makes it unsuitable for singing" . . .

The hideous influence of the publishers is further exemplified in the words they select as singing translations of the lyrics of great foreign poets. Take the following travesty of the first verse of Goethe's "Erlkönig," music by Schubert :—

Who rides so fast through the dark gloom of night ?
A father embracing his child his delight,
The boy cowers close 'neath his shel'ring arm,
From the chill of the night winds to keep himself warm.

or this of the beginning of the Evening Star song from *Tannhäuser* :—

Unearthly shadows gather o'er the valley,
They hide the landscape, clouds now thickly rally.
The soul that fain would mount on wings of light,
Must first fly over fields of gloomy night.

Thus, under present conditions, we not only disgrace our own poetry, but also the great poems (and operatic librettos) of foreign nations. Who has not laughed at the ejaculations of performers of foreign opera in the English tongue ? Sir Thomas Beecham himself must surely sometimes have wondered whether his libretto could not be improved. The opera, however, is a different subject.

HAROLD MONRO.

LEOPOLD MOZART

ON November 14th, 1719, was born in Augsburg Leopold Mozart, whose name can never be forgotten in the history of music, though he himself was not an original or inspired artist. He was a good example of the South German musician of his time. Bach and Handel had not reached him; he composed much music without inspiration; he played the violin well, and wrote a famous book on the art of violin-playing. He was a prudent man of the old regime, a devoted Catholic, a humble follower of the great of this world. More than 300 of his letters remain to bear witness to these traits of character, all of which may now be read in the complete collection of the letters of his family edited by Dr. Ludwig Schiedermair in 1914.

It fell to this worthy man to have to educate a son of extraordinary genius, and at the same time of delicate physique and sensitive mental fibre. On the whole we must allow that he performed his part with wisdom, never forcing the tender plant. He seems to have realized that his son was a gift of God, needing the utmost care and gentleness in his bringing up. Father and son were devoted to each other, and it was only when the son broke away, as he was sure to do, from paternal interference, that any cloud came between them; and that cloud soon melted away.

Whether the father ever really understood, as Haydn did, that his son had a soul of music in him of a higher value and deeper tone than that of any other living man, may be doubted; but he lived to 1787, when his son's genius was at its zenith, and heard at Vienna some of the immortal works that we all know. Whether he understood them or not, he had the satisfaction of feeling that he had done what he believed to be his duty by his son, and had made him the chief object of his life. If we do not owe to him the divine genius itself, we may be eternally grateful to him for securing it the happiest conditions of growth that musician ever enjoyed.

W. WARDE FOWLER.

THE STRANGER

(A True Story)

ONCE upon a time, when the world was a good deal younger than it is now, there was a beautiful country far away in the east. It had corn and vines and olive-trees in abundance. And the people who lived there were always able to gladden their eyes with the sight of their snow-capped mountain peaks. Everywhere the sea came up almost to their doors. In the summer it laughed and sparkled for them with a myriad tiny tips of foam : in the winter it surged with a terrible never-ending thunder against their rocky coasts.

They ought to have been a very happy people. But the fact is that they were not. Indeed the whole country was full of grumbling and discontent. It was worst among the very common people. No sooner would two or three of them come together, smoking haddocks or packing figs for the market, than the trouble would begin to smoulder again ; until it looked as if there might shortly be a dangerous flare-up. The Council of Old Men, who governed the country, kept on issuing soothing edicts, in which they said that the past summer had been favourable for the crops ; that the wine-production had been ten per cent. above the average ; and that the work on the new docks was making capital headway. This was their way of proclaiming their watchword of " stable government," which meant the continuance of their own salaries. But it had no effect at all on the haddock-smokers and the fig-packers. And when they began to gather in twenties and thirties instead of twos and threes, and to go about carrying heavy oaken clubs instead of fig-baskets and haddock-crates, the Council became badly scared.

An extra session was called. The Council met and debated politely for a whole day, during which it appeared that *as a council* they knew nothing whatever about the causes of the popular discontent. They were on the point of breaking up with a solemn vote of confidence in their president when, towards nightfall, news was brought them that the rabble, led by a notorious vagabond, had set the president's house on fire. The session was immediately

resumed ; and within five minutes the Council had resolved to stop its Council-talk for the moment and to talk like human beings. Within two more it was found that each individual member of the Council knew accurately the cause of the popular discontent and (as there was no fire-insurance in those days) actively sympathized with it. So that, exactly seven minutes after the bad news had come, the air cleared ; and the president was able to announce that the cause of the people's grumbling was that they were all DYING FOR SOME MUSIC.

The question then arose how the Council was to save the people from this impending catastrophe. Obviously the first thing to do was to get rid of the president. His inefficiency was patent to all ; and his recent loss made his property-qualification doubtful. He was therefore formally and physically dropped ; and the Council, under a new president, began its difficult task.

Now, in any old-established country, where all the arts flourish under the wise supervision of the government, it is an easy thing to *improve* the national artistic output. The government, indeed, will tolerate no lowering of its standards. And when better is sought, its citizens have only to ask and they receive. But this was not a mere call for *improvement*. The country, as I have said, was very young. It had no music at all. And it was dying for some. So that when the Musthaveatune Revolt (as it was called) broke out, the Council was as much perplexed as if the revolutionists had demanded a tiger, or an iceberg, or a planet apiece.

Still, something had to be done. The new president was living just then in a fine wooden house, and he did not want to give the Musthaveatuners an excuse for coming too close to it. So he named the four oldest members of the Council as a (paid) Committee of Investigation, with himself as (paid) chairman, hoping in a few years to get his own son on to the committee. He did not *say* so ; but in his heart he felt pretty sure that eventually the Musthaveatune Committee would become a great department of the state ; permanent, and congenitally bound to recognize the dignity and the financial claims of his own family.

In this he was disappointed. The Committee met and began to take evidence. At once, despite every effort at concealment, the widespread nature of the national calamity became apparent. The whole country was on the verge of ruin. The priests were unable to conduct their services properly, and had the greatest difficulty in attracting any congregations to their temples ; the sailors could neither row nor haul ropes ; the farmers could not drive their ploughs or bring their harvests home ; there were no wedding songs for the youthful, no lullabies for the children, no dirges for the dead ;

spring came, and the mystic liberation of the earth could not be sung; even the common trades of the oil-presser, the miller, the tailor, and the vine-pruner were suffering.

Among all the evidence which the committee heard, perhaps the most heartrending was that of a young man who stated on oath that for several years he had been in love with a beautiful girl of the next village; that, to gain her affections, he had employed every artifice at his command, such as presents, endearments, protestations, and promises; but that, owing to the shameful lack of any love-songs, he was now exactly where he had been at the beginning of his courtship. He added that if something was not done for him before long, there was going to be trouble.

The country was shocked and indignant at these disclosures. It had always known vaguely that it had no music; but the extent and the terrible effects of its unmusical condition were now made public for the first time. Accordingly the Council at once proclaimed north, south, east, and west, that anyone possessing a tune or tunes should come forward with it or them within seven days; that the penalty for evasion should be death for the owner of the tune and a life-sentence for any accessories who had heard it during the preceding ten years; and that the reward for the possessor of a good tune should be: first, board, lodging, and clothes during his life; and second, state-guaranteed immortality after his death.

This proclamation was duly made. But though the heralds tramped themselves footsore to the four corners of the country, and were dizzy with shouting and blowing their trumpets, not one tune or one note of one tune was forthcoming. Meanwhile the Must-haveatuners grew more ugly day by day.

It was at this moment, when everyone was expecting revolution followed by anarchy, that a strange thing happened. Word was brought that a youth had been found wandering aimlessly on the eastern sea-shore; that he was carrying a curious implement in his hands; that, on being questioned, he had replied in a soft unknown tongue; that the local authorities had jailed him as a homeless vagabond and were considering the question of his execution, when the most divine sounds were heard to come from his prison; that thereupon the whole populace for twenty miles round had deserted their homes and were encamped within earshot of the jail; that, though they did not understand the words of his songs, their hearts were moved to the utmost pitch of ecstasy by the wonderful sounds of his voice and lyre; and that, in short, the nation had found its saviour, the MAN WITH THE MUSIC.

The Council met at once. After an ineffectual attempt to take the credit for this unexpected national deliverance, it decreed that

the singer should be instantly released from jail, should be crowned with a chaplet, given whatever he desired, and brought in slow procession to the capital.

It was two months before he arrived. For each village through which he passed did its best, with prayers and entreaties, to keep him on the spot. But he reached the capital at last, exhausted and triumphant, and knowing a little of the native language. The Council received him with great deference (as well they might), and held him for a whole day in conference. They were anxious to find out to what department of the government he might properly be assigned. The account which he gave of himself was muddled and contradictory. He spoke of a "shipwreck" and of "swimming." He also pointed eastwards once or twice and said "come from Asia." But he could not explain how, under heaven, he still had his lyre with him. Nor could he give any satisfactory account of his parentage. In fact the only definite information which they could extract from him was his name. And he gave this by pointing several times to his breast and saying "ORPHEUS."

After the conference had broken up, the Council had an informal talk about the stranger among themselves. There was no doubt that he was a wee bit of a disappointment. He was not at all like what they had expected him to be—not quite like themselves. His complexion, for instance, was a trifle too dark. They were used to straight noses; and his had just the suspicion of a curve. His hair, again, was rather too long and too oily for their reserved tastes. He was undoubtedly very foreign, very Asiatic. There could be no doubt either as to his self-sufficiency. He bubbled over with it.

These were all drawbacks against giving him a government appointment. Indeed, it was questionable whether a man so self-centred would accept such an offer. And the Council naturally could not run the risk of a refusal. None of them cared tuppence about music; but they cared a great many tuppences about their own positions. So they proceeded to draw up a private memorandum for their own information. The memorandum covered several hundred pages, but it might have been condensed into these two sentences "We've had a narrow escape. Better back O." Accordingly they set to work and began to scribble endless acts, edicts, ordinances, laws, and bye-laws which, again, might have been boiled down into "We are backing O. Our salaries must still be paid."

Nobody read these legislative documents. The whole country was far too wild with joy. An era of strange happiness seemed to have begun, and the people looked at each other with a new light

in their eyes. At one stride they had passed from night to day. Where yesterday they had been almost savages, to-day they were freemen of a glorious country and accepted into the civilization of the world. The priests sang in the thronged temples, the sailors sang at their oars; there was music at the coming of spring and at the harvest-home; the guests went to the wedding-feast with their wedding-song, the mother rocked her baby to sleep with a lullaby, and the mourners had their funeral-chant at the graveside; when the shoemaker tapped at his last he tapped a tune, when the miller ground at his mill he ground a tune; the vine-dresser, the ploughman, the goat-herd on the hillside, every one sang as he worked; and best of all, the lover could now tell his yearning and his happiness. Day by day the land grew more full of melody. The people first had to learn their music. Then, by continually singing and playing it, they so twisted, altered, and beautified it that at last it lost its strangeness and became a fibre of their very substance.

Orpheus settled among them. At first a good deal of his time was spent in travelling. There was much to teach: there were many in need of encouragement. But as time went on and musical knowledge was more spread abroad, he made his home in the capital. There he married a girl of the country and became prosperous; but prosperity by no means spoilt him. When the excitement of his first wonderful appearance had worn off, his neighbours began to look on him as a quiet, friendly, hard-working fellow whose only fault was that he took little interest in public affairs. Perhaps that was not really a fault. But the people of that country revelled in politics above all things. And Orpheus, who had somehow dropped from another world on to their shores, could never quite overcome his shyness on this point. In other matters he easily adapted himself to native ways. And the less foreign he became, the more the people took him to their hearts in a very genuine and tender love. Music was indeed dearer to them than life.

So he passed his days, from youth to manhood and old-age; and during the whole of his time he had only two unpleasant experiences, both of which as it happened, raised him in the estimation of his friends. The first—an attack on his life—occurred during his early days of travel. He had crossed the sea at the request of a kindred people and was journeying up and down the country, singing and playing as he went. One night he was just putting out the lamp before going to bed when he heard a knock. He unbolted the door and a stranger entered. It was an old man, thin, bald, wizened, and bleary-eyed. He came in quickly and nervously,

peering into the corners of the room as if searching for something. At first Orpheus thought that he had come on some musical errand. For he began, sensibly enough, to ask him if he understood how to get the octave-notes and the fourths and fifths on his lyre. Orpheus knew very little about this, as he never needed it in his work. He had just opened his mouth to ask for some enlightenment on these points, when the old man suddenly threw up his arms with a shriek and began howling out "Twice one's two, twice two's four, three three's nine" over and over again. Orpheus saw at once that he had to deal with a dangerous maniac. So he put the table between his visitor and himself. Meanwhile the old gentleman continued to wave his arms at him and to repeat his chant "Twice one's two, twice two's four, three three's nine." Then, as he saw that he was not making much headway, he began to follow him round the table, wailing dismally as he went :

Number one
Sit in the sun,
Number seven
Fly to heaven.

This might have gone on for a very long time but that, as the pace quickened and the howling increased, the old gentleman drew a nasty-looking Egyptian dagger from the folds of his tunic, and made a jab at him across the table. In a moment the light was out, the table overturned, and the two men were locked together in a wild scuffle. There could be no doubt as to the result. Within a minute the old gentleman was lying outside in the road and Orpheus was panting inside, with the door securely bolted.

This was his first unpleasant experience. It was nearly fatal to him, and he might very well have complained to the authorities. But he was something of a stranger in those parts; and being a young man, he decided to let the matter drop.

His second experience occurred some years later. By that time he was settled in the capital, and was a well-to-do, much respected citizen. He had been overworking himself, practising hard for his festival performances, wedging in extra lessons here and there, and filling after-dinner engagements at fashionable houses. So one morning he determined to refresh himself with a little holiday. He walked out from the city until he came to a pleasant group of plane-trees. There he sat down and began to hum a tune. A good many of his friends were walking under the trees, enjoying the shade; and as they passed to and fro they always nodded cheerfully to him as if glad to see him among them. Meanwhile, he sat still where he was, looking at the view and humming his tune. But

presently a group of strangers approached—evidently a philosopher and his pupils. The philosopher himself was a middle-aged man who had apparently been goaded into a bad-temper by some remark from one of his pupils. At any rate, as he came opposite Orpheus, he suddenly turned on him and shouted savagely "Stop that pestilential noise! It's you and your sort that are sending the whole country to pot. I know who you are, you little foreign devil. You'd better get out, *or learn some morals.*" And with that he gave him a blow on the mouth that stopped the humming at once.

Orpheus was almost stunned by this unprovoked attack. At first he thought of returning the blow. But his good sense came to his rescue; and he kept on saying to himself "I must remember who I am." However, his musical friends had seen the assault, and he himself felt that his dignity had been cruelly hurt. He hated the law-courts, but he knew that he could trust them to do him justice.

The case lasted many days, during which Orpheus said very little and the philosophers said a great deal. But at the end of it the jury was unanimous for him; and the judge—a humane, liberal-minded gentleman of the old school—showed his ripe wisdom by inflicting heavy damages on the philosopher. Orpheus refused to take the money. But, after the court was cleared, he sought out the judge in order to arrange for its disposal. They began to talk, and Orpheus ventured to tell him of the attempt that had been made on his life when he was a young man. To his surprise he found that the judge knew all about it. This was difficult to understand, as he had kept the affair secret, and indeed had by now almost forgotten it. So, emboldened by the judge's kindly manner, he asked him if he knew the name of the old maniac who had tried to use his knife on him.

"Oh yes," said the judge smiling, "it was Pythagoras."

"And the name of the defendant to-day?"

"Plato."

CECIL FORSYTH.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

ROME.

After four years of military service it is strange to be writing about music again. Nothing seems to have changed; and just because everything has remained exactly as it was, it seems that I was right to become a soldier and give what energy I could to work so different from that to which I was accustomed. It is another matter, I admit, when I look at the historical and critical work which the war brought to a sudden end, but this is my own affair, and I am now obliged to occupy myself professionally with the affairs of other people. And it is these which, compared with those of four years ago are as alike as two peas.

Puccini has finished and produced his 'trptych' *Il Tabarro*, *Suor Angelica* and *Gianni Schicchi*, and is revising his Viennese operetta *La Rondine*. It was commissioned before the war by a Viennese publisher, and did not have much success. An operetta *ma non troppo*, with some ultra-sentimental scenes and a dénouement that was both tearful and pitiful. Mascagni too is to produce an operetta this autumn at the Teatro Quirino in Rome; its title is *Si*. A friend who has heard it played over on the pianoforte by the composer himself tells me that the music is frankly comic—without any of Puccini's genteel refinements of sentiment and style. A Leghorn interviewer informs us that one of the sweetest things in it, and one that is certain to be all the rage, is a chorus of *midinettes* who come out of their workroom singing *Bimbe la luce elettrica* . . . but at this point the interviewer's light was suddenly switched off and we are almost as much in the dark as before.

But Mascagni is never content with talk about his next opera only. No artist except D'Annunzio, has ever announced so many projected works, many of which, invented on the spur of the moment for the needs of an interview, have never been carried out for the excellent reason that they have never been begun. According to this latest interviewer, Mascagni is planning another opera *Il Piccolo Marat* on a libretto by Forzano, and Dario Niccodemi has arranged his play *Scampolo* (acted not long ago in London under the title of *Remnant—Tr.*); but this may be no more than the remnant of a libretto, since Mascagni has said that perhaps he may not set it to music after all. But possibly Lothar's *Arlecchino Re*, arranged by Cavacchioli, may oust the *Piccolo Marat* from the heart of the most popular of composers, unless beaten by the *Duca d'El*, a comedy by the brothers Quintero. To find one's way in this maze is difficult, if not impossible.

The trio beloved of interviewers has now lost Leonecavallo. He too had just finished an operetta before he died. He was certainly the least notable of the three, but perhaps the most attractive, by reason of a sort of rustic sincerity which kept him true to certain melodic traditions, and prevented his music from ever being either "Debussified" or "Viennesized." He was one who had outlived his time; but several of his works, in their own time, deserved more respect from the critics and more appreciation from the public than they actually received.

Of the younger composers there is little news. Zandonai has brought out at Pesaro *La via della finestra*, a comic opera which is almost an operetta. Produced at a secondary centre and in the dead season, it did not attract much critical attention. We shall learn this winter whether the success which it received at Pesaro was, as we should like to hope, of lasting character. Pizzetti has written a sonata for pianoforte and violin which we shall hear shortly. Malipiero, who has found a publisher for all his music in the English firm of Chester, is working at a very original set of three one-act operas. The experiences of Malipiero and his publisher are of historical interest, besides being not without their comic side. During the war the publisher, being unable to find engravers in England, had the music engraved in Italy. It was not foreseen that the Government would prevent the export of

engraved plates as a war measure. It was then decided to complete publication in Italy and print the music on Italian paper: but paper in Italy, taking the exchange into account cost three times as much as in England. In such matters as these the war has certainly brought changes. But the young composers, of whom not one has been in the trenches and very few have been in the army at all, go on working, and the old ones go on being what they were before. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

The success of Puccini's "trilogy" is curious. Speaking as one who has been registered as a Puccinophobe for the last ten years, I must say that the work gave me no pleasure. *Il Tabarro* interested me little and bored me much, *Suor Angelica* was interesting and boring in equal proportions, *Gianni Schicchi* interested me throughout and never bored me at all; but this was because I never noticed the music, as I was almost always amused by the action. Opinions differ as to the relative merits of the three operas, but *Gianni Schicchi* has obtained the most votes. Yet a certain young critic, who is also a composer, after pronouncing it last winter a masterpiece that was a worthy successor to *Falstaff*, has thought fit to revise his judgment in the summer. The critics seem to have become nervous: is this war-psychosis?

The war crops up yet again in matters musical for another reason. It is regretted by many that the Italian government has not demanded as part of the war indemnity the Italian musical treasures in possession of the enemy. If it had asked for them, it would not have obtained them. The Paris Conference decided not to demand works of art as indemnity. Hence all that has returned to Italy is what could be proved to have been illegally taken away, such as the famous MSS. from the episcopal library of Trent (notable for the mediaeval English music which they contain—*Tr.*). What will become of the music composed for the Court of Vienna by various Italians and preserved in the Imperial private library? Will the study of it, hitherto hampered by reason of politics and etiquette, be now made easier for researchers? The suggestion was made that, failing the desired indemnity, the Italian Government should acquire the things that were saved from Gorizia and the neighbourhood in 1916-17 during the Italian occupation. The High Command has in fact had compiled and printed, in an *édition de luxe*, the catalogue of the musical collection of the Villa Coronini at Gorizia. The *Illustrazione Italiana* expressed amazement "at the marvellous rarities included in the collection and at the incredible generosity of the Italian Government." Finding no marvellous rarities in the catalogue I can only be amazed at this amazement, and have placed it on record in the *Rassegna Italiana* for September. The Coronini collection will certainly be no compensation for the robberies that we have suffered.

Augusto Vernarecci died at the end of August. He was the author of a study of Ottaviano de' Petrucci of Fossombrone and also of a still greater work which is yet in the press, a history of Fossombrone from the earliest times to the present day. We have lost a much greater historian during the war in Dr. Oscar Chilesotti, a learned authority on lute music, of whom no one has been able to speak worthily in these disturbed years. Finally, as I write there comes the news that Adelina Patti is dead. It would be carrying vases to Samos to speak to English readers of an artist who was more cherished by the English public than she ever could have been by that of her own country. I should merely have to hash up the usual anecdotes and the usual words of wonder for the incomparable art of the last—and I am certain that she will be indeed the last—*diva of bel canto*. As a critic I should have to limit myself to one personal reminiscence, and personal reminiscences are always tiresome. Still, here it is: I never heard her.

F. TORREFRANCA.

(Tr. E. J. DENT.)

PARIS.

PARIS and the principal towns of France have made a fine start with the first musical season of the Peace. At Strasbourg M. Guy Ropartz is busy organizing the Conservatoire, being succeeded at Nancy by M. Bachelet, the composer of *Scena*. At Lyon, Dijon, Rouen, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Angers Symphony concerts are in full swing. During the last week of September, amid the ruins of Tourcoing, a "General congress of sacred music" was triumphantly held, at which several com-

positions of Dr. Terry were heard and applauded. But all eyes are turned, of course, to Paris, which alone of the cities of the world boasts four operas (Opéra, Opéra-Comique, Théâtre Lyrique du Vaudeville, and Gaité-Lyrique) and five full orchestras (Conservatoire; Lamoureux, under Chéviillard; Colonne, Pierné; Padeloup, Rhené Baton; and the new Orchestre de Paris, G. de Lausnay).

At the Opéra the new works for the season 1919-1920 are:—*Antar* (G. Dupont) *Légende de Saint-Christophe* (d'Indy), *Guercoeur* (Albéric Magnard), and *La Prêtresse d'Horgdiven*, Ballet (P. Ladmiralet). At the Opéra-Comique, *Masques et Bergamasques* (G. Fauré), *Nausicaa* (R. Hahn, produced at Monte Carlo last April), *Dans l'ombre des cathédrales* (G. Hué), *Camille* (M. Delmas) *Le Sauteriot* (Lazzari) *La Griffe* (F. Fourdrain) *Les uns et les autres* (M. d'Ollone) *La Rôtisserie de la reine Pédauque* (Anatole France and M. Levadé) and *Gismonda* (H. Février). *Così fan Tutti* will also be played—for the first time, it is stated, in Paris. The première of *Gismonda* was postponed owing to the theatrical strikes, the effect of which was, however, felt more at the music-halls and cinemas. The syndicate of the "artistes lyriques" adopted unanimously a resolution approving the action of the Central Syndicate, and bound themselves not to work with any but artists belonging to the "Fédération du Spectacle"; and as the syndicates won the day, things are once more normal for the present. The Théâtre Lyrique opened in October with Massenet's *Cléopâtre*, and their interesting eight months' programme contains Ravel's *L'Heure Espagnole* and *Ma Mere l'Oye*, Debussy's *L'Enfant Prodigue*, *Demoiselle Elue*, and *La Boite à Joujou*, *Tarass-Boulba* (M-S. Rousseau), *Proteïe* (P. Claudel and D. Milhaud), *Le Secret de Polichinelle* (F. Fourdrain), Puccini's new trilogy and Boito's *Mephistophilis*. The Gaité Lyrique (*Opéra bouffe*) reopened with Offenbach's *La Belle Helène* under H. Casadesus.

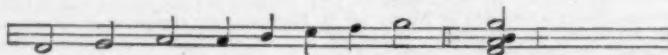
Widor has just completed his new opera, *Nerto*, libretto by Maurice Léna from Mistral's works. M. Le Rey is finishing the score of a two-act opera *La Fascinadora*.

At the Lamoureux concerts Mr. Landon Ronald has conducted Elgar's first symphony, new to Paris, and has been warmly received. At the Colonne Franck's "Psyché" and Roussel's "Evocations" have been done, and a young pianist, Mlle. T. de Santzevitch, has made a good impression. At the Padeloup one day in each week has been devoted to the works of a school of the German and the French classics, on which there have been short lectures by Maurice Emmanuel of the Conservatoire, and others. The "Concerts Spirituels" began at the Sorbonne in October and continue till April. Their programme consists of the Christmas Oratorio and the St. John Passion, Franck's "Rédemption" and "Béatitudes," Beethoven's D major Mass and Mozart's Requiem, etc.

On October 6th the "Ecole Normale de Musique de Paris" was started. It is open to foreigners and intended to supplement the rather more exclusive "Conservatoire." It combines general culture with a good artistic education. The founder is A. Mangeot (Director of "Le Monde Musical") and on the committee are Paderewski, Saint Saëns, Paladilhe, Dubois, Fauré, Widor, Charpentier, and Rabaud. A branch school of the "Méthode Jacques Dalcroze" has been opened, 12, rue Adolphe-Yvon, Paris 16, and will offer a professional course to those who wish to obtain the Geneva teaching diploma. A new international school of music is about to be established at Nice. A new society has been formed for the protection of composers and authors, which will secure for its members 50 per cent. of the profits on the sale of their works as well as the refunding of publishing expenses. It is known as the "N.E.M." (Nouvelle Edition Mutuelle), address, 16, rue de l'Odéon.

Two "Grands Premiers Prix de Rome" (which is quite exceptional) have been awarded to Max Delmas and Jacques Ibert.

An important addition to musicology is *Les Couperin, une dynastie de musiciens Français* (Delagrave, 18fr.) by Charles Bouvet, the new archive-keeper of the Opéra, with a preface by Widor and plentiful illustrations; a scholarly and sympathetic study of the 17th and 18th century clavecinists, containing a catalogue of all known compositions of all the Couperins. *Le Cas Wagner* (Crès) by Jean Marnold is a reprint of articles from the *Mercur de France*. "Music Frémont" is the name of a new notation invented in America in 1886 and now published in its final form. The octave is conceived as two tonal scales—from C, written with white note-heads, and from C♯ with black, on a staff of three lines; thus the scale and chord of C are:—



Provision is made for eight octaves by means of differently shaped note-heads. Time values are represented on the principle of Tonic Solfa by means of tails; thus, the first phrase of *Lascia ch'io pianga* is,—



(It will be noticed that the values of the rest and the dot are not constant). The advantages are that clefs, sharps and flats are abolished, space economized, and Stravinsky-like chords simplified. For further details, address *L'Institut Frémond*, 48, rue Notre Dame de Lorette.

R. H. MYERS and FELIX RAUGEL.

LONDON.

THE interval between the end of the Covent Garden opera season and the beginning of the Promenade concerts at Queen's Hall is usually a close time for music in London. This year, however, the three weeks' gulf was bridged over by the presence of the Southern Syncopated Orchestra at the Philharmonic Hall and the Carl Rosa opera company at the Lyceum Theatre. This company has now been in existence for more than fifty years and there can be no doubt that without their enterprising pioneer-work in establishing a taste for opera all over England, the great success of younger organizations like Sir Thomas Beecham's would have been impossible.

The repertory of this year's London season presents no specially novel features, for the production of new operas by comparatively unknown British composers has always constituted a regular part of the company's programme. However, the subject of Puccini and other modern Italians which is provided year after year by every touring company in the kingdom makes one wonder whether the public really demands this particular fare to the exclusion of better works which were at least as popular in former years. The public is often blamed for lack of variety in its tastes: but can we be quite sure that, within certain limits, the public will not enjoy one opera as keenly as another when it is presented by an organization that can always be trusted to give a good performance? One does not, of course, include any kind of novelty within these limits, but it is hard to see why such things as, for example, "Der Freischütz," "Don Juan" and "Le Prophète" should have completely disappeared in favour of "Cavalleria" and "Butterfly"—either for financial or artistic reasons.

The Southern Syncopated Orchestra is a most interesting body of coloured musicians directed by Mr. Will Marion Cook, one of the most magnetic conductors we have seen in recent years. There is a good deal of *ad libitum* playing and individual "coloratura" in their performances: one gets the impression that each player is improvising for himself on the given theme, with the result that from the intrinsically simple music rendered the most surprising effects of polyphony and complex harmony are obtained. One recalls Giraldu Cambrensis' famous description of Welsh singing in the twelfth century: "In turba canentium quot videas capita tot audias carmina discriminaque vocum varia"—yet all comes right in the end. Improvised part-singing is also a feature of traditional negro music, of which some very beautiful examples may be heard at the Philharmonic Hall.

In mid-August came the opening of the twenty-fifth season of Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall. The plan of the nightly programme would doubtless puzzle a foreigner assisting for the first time at one of these functions: and indeed it is difficult for old *habitués* to discover the reason why these concerts are divided into two parts of very unequal length, of which the shorter contains two orchestral items, not markedly different in character from the rest of the programme, separated by ten minutes of the very worst kind of popular song.

It is obvious that the public which attends a serious orchestral concert is not the same public which flocks to the ballad concert: and yet, though there are concerts enough whose programmes are entirely devoted to popular songs, it seems that music-lovers are not to be allowed to enjoy any entirely devoted to orchestral music. This anomaly, needless to say, is not the fault of Sir Henry Wood who for a quarter of a century has done his best to provide the public at these concerts with the most

comprehensive musical education obtainable in England. His ideal is, rightly, to make the programmes a kind of musical reference library, where in the course of a few years, everything that is worth hearing may be found. Critics who reproach him for repeating the classics over and over again must bear in mind that every season a fresh body of music-lovers wants to enjoy the C minor Symphony for the first time far more than to be bewildered by the experimental work of an unknown composer; and these people are quite as important as the more cultured musicians who can gratify their wants elsewhere.

This year the programmes err, if at all, in the other direction. We have had too many undistinguished novelties, and too little of certain great masters—Haydn, Mozart, Berlioz, Liszt and Brahms for instance. Now that the Patron's Fund permits young British composers to hear their orchestral experiments at regular intervals at the Royal College of Music, the standard of novelties produced at public concerts might well be raised. There is no merit in giving a novelty merely for novelty's sake; and the cause of British music is better served by repeating masterpieces like Elgar's Symphonies (still too rarely to be heard) than by producing new works of doubtful genius for the first (and often the last) time.

A "sensational success" was obtained in September by Miss Dorothy Howell's symphonic poem "Lamia": but it is hardly flattering to the creative ability of the female sex to acclaim as marvellous a work which displays nothing more than the competence one would expect from the average male student in his early twenties, simply because it has been written by a woman. Nevertheless "Lamia" was performed five times in as many weeks.

The autumn concert season has given us much that is interesting, the outstanding features being a fine performance of Berlioz' unaccountably neglected "Symphonie Fantastique" by Sir Henry Wood and Mr. Albert Coates' stirring treatment of Borodin's 2nd Symphony.

Mr. Coates has hitherto received more appreciation in Russia and Germany than in this country, but, returning from Petrograd last spring, he lost no time in establishing himself as the most masterly and accomplished of our native conductors. His handling of "Prince Igor" at Covent Garden was beyond all praise, but this was only one of his many triumphs.

Two other British conductors, Messrs. Adrian Boult and Edward Clark, have distinguished themselves in the direction of M. Diaghileff's Russian Ballets at the Empire Theatre.

Certain "world-famous vocal stars" have returned to London after several years' absence and received from the more courageous of our critics the cold-water-douche they so richly deserve. Meanwhile we have had the opportunity of welcoming a young English singer, Mr. Steuart Wilson, of whom much may be expected. He has a voice of most expressive quality and a rare faculty of musical understanding which reveals itself in the most illuminating and moving interpretations of songs we have heard for a long time. Moreover his programmes are excellent.

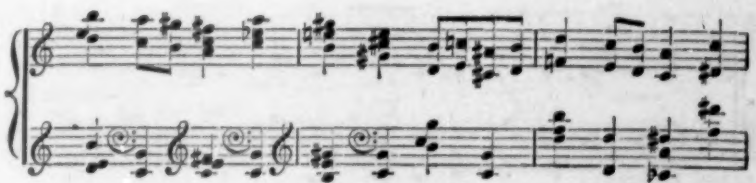
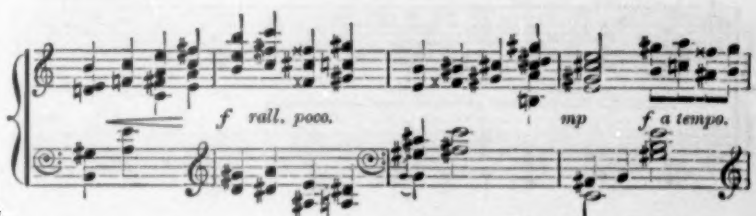
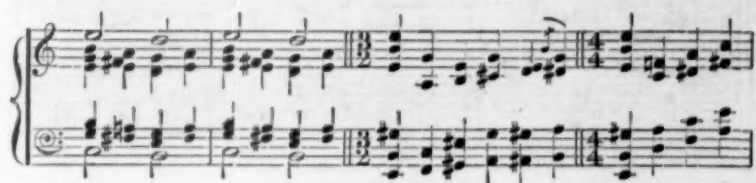
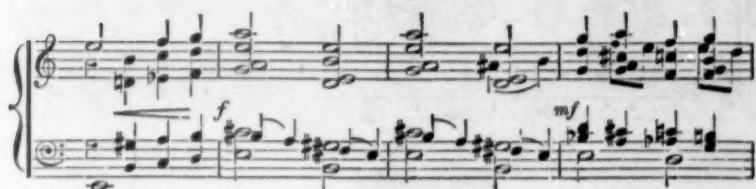
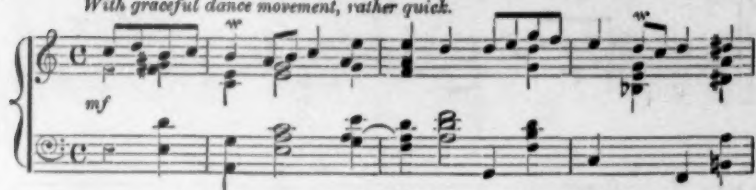
We are glad to note the appearance of a new musical magazine "The Chesterian" which, though issued by the well-known firm of Messrs. J. and W. Chester, is far from being a mere publisher's circular, and contains a great deal of interesting information.

Details of the Beecham opera season which opened at Covent Garden on November 3rd must be reserved for the next issue.

P. HESELTINE.

Harpsichord piece, composed for Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse, 1919.

With graceful dance movement, rather quick.



comprehensive musical education obtainable in England. His ideal is, rightly, to make the programmes a kind of musical reference library, where in the course of a few years, everything that is worth hearing may be found. Critics who reproach him for repeating the classics over and over again must bear in mind that every season a fresh body of music-lovers wants to enjoy the C minor Symphony for the first time far more than to be bewildered by the experimental work of an unknown composer: and these people are quite as important as the more cultured musicians who can gratify their wants elsewhere.

This year the programmes err, if at all, in the other direction. We have had too many undistinguished novelties, and too little of certain great masters—Haydn, Mozart, Berlioz, Liszt and Brahms for instance. Now that the Patron's Fund permits young British composers to hear their orchestral experiments at regular intervals at the Royal College of Music, the standard of novelties produced at public concerts might well be raised. There is no merit in giving a novelty merely for novelty's sake: and the cause of British music is better served by repeating masterpieces like Elgar's Symphonies (still too rarely to be heard) than by producing new works of doubtful genius for the first (and often the last) time.

A "sensational success" was obtained in September by Miss Dorothy Howell's symphonic poem "Lamia": but it is hardly flattering to the creative ability of the female sex to acclaim as marvellous a work which displays nothing more than the competence one would expect from the average male student in his early twenties, simply because it has been written by a woman. Nevertheless "Lamia" was performed five times in as many weeks.

The autumn concert season has given us much that is interesting, the outstanding features being a fine performance of Berlioz' unaccountably neglected "Symphonie Fantastique" by Sir Henry Wood and Mr. Albert Coates' stirring treatment of Borodin's 2nd Symphony.

Mr. Coates has hitherto received more appreciation in Russia and Germany than in this country, but, returning from Petrograd last spring, he lost no time in establishing himself as the most masterly and accomplished of our native conductors. His handling of "Prince Igor" at Covent Garden was beyond all praise, but this was only one of his many triumphs.

Two other British conductors, Messrs. Adrian Boult and Edward Clark, have distinguished themselves in the direction of M. Diaghileff's Russian Ballets at the Empire Theatre.

Certain "world-famous vocal stars" have returned to London after several years' absence and received from the more courageous of our critics the cold-water-douche they so richly deserve. Meanwhile we have had the opportunity of welcoming a young English singer, Mr. Steuart Wilson, of whom much may be expected. He has a voice of most expressive quality and a rare faculty of musical understanding which reveals itself in the most illuminating and moving interpretations of songs we have heard for a long time. Moreover his programmes are excellent.

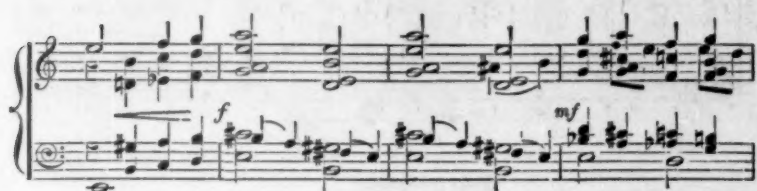
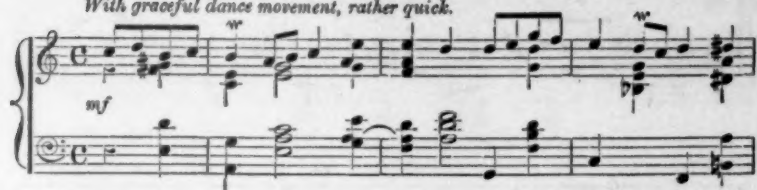
We are glad to note the appearance of a new musical magazine "The Chesterian" which, though issued by the well-known firm of Messrs. J. and W. Chester, is far from being a mere publisher's circular, and contains a great deal of interesting information.

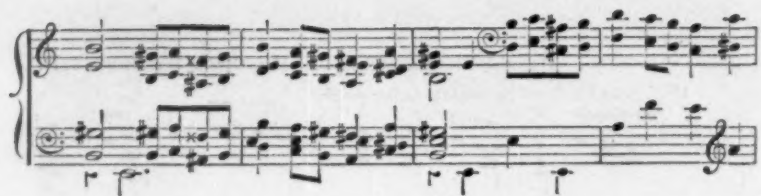
Details of the Beecham opera season which opened at Covent Garden on November 3rd must be reserved for the next issue.

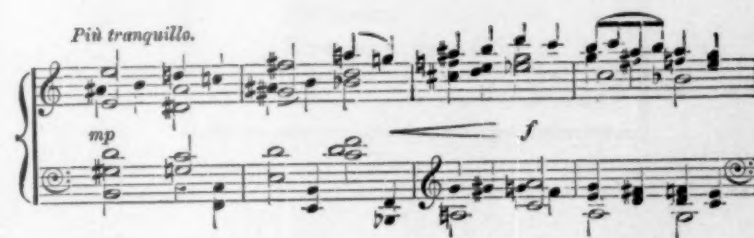
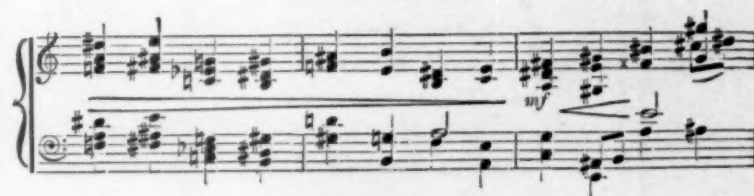
P. HESELTINE.

Harpsichord piece, composed for Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse, 1919.

With graceful dance movement, rather quick.







FREDERICK DELIUS.

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

Publisher's
Announcements.

ENOCH AND SON
J. CURWEN AND SONS
WINTHROP ROGERS, LTD.
GOODWIN AND TABB
ELKIN AND SON
G. RICORDI AND CO.
THE AEOLIAN CO.
MURDOCH
BOSWORTH AND CO.

1. The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the subject, and to a description of the various methods which have been employed for its investigation.

2. The second part contains a detailed account of the experiments which have been made, and of the results which have been obtained.

3. The third part is devoted to a discussion of the various theories which have been proposed to explain the phenomena observed.

4. The fourth part contains a summary of the results, and a statement of the author's conclusions.

5. The fifth part is devoted to a list of references, and to a list of names of persons who have been instrumental in the progress of the science.

THE ENOCH SONG ALBUMS

This Collection of Song Albums is now famous all over the World and continues to grow in popularity. The simple reason for this is that they contain songs of **real** and **lasting** value, both as to the music and the poems. This statement may be easily verified.

The List includes compositions by such popular composers as

Sir Edward Elgar
Landon Ronald
Easthope Martin
Sir Charles Stanford
Liza Lehmann

Granville Bantock
May H. Brahe
Julius Harrison
Arthur Meale
Paul Corder

G. H. Clutsam, and others.

and may be had of all music-sellers, price each, 3/6 net. Postage, 2d.

THE LATEST SUCCESSES IN THE SERIES ARE :—


- "SONGS OF SPRINGTIME" (Suitable for all voices). *Landon Ronald*
- "FIVE CANZONETS" (Suitable for all voices). *Landon Ronald*
- "THE FRINGES OF THE FLEET" ... *Edward Elgar*
(For low and medium voices. Orchestral Accompaniment *ad lib.*)
- "THREE MORE SONGS OF THE FAIR" *Easthope Martin*
(Including the popular song "Come to the Fair").
- "HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS" ... *Easthope Martin*
(Specially suitable for ladies' voices).
- "SONG PICTURES" ... *May H. Brahe*
(Including the famous song "I passed by your Window").
- "BY ROAD AND RIVER" (Suitable for all voices). *May H. Brahe*
- "CHIMNEY CORNER SONGS" ... *Arthur Meale*
(An album of the widest possible appeal).
- "THE VALE OF ARDEN" ... *Granville Bantock*
(With Orchestral Accompaniment *ad lib.*)
- "FOUR SEA SONGS" (Poems by Masfield) ... *Paul Corder*

Telegrams :
Enocouse, London.

ENOCH & SONS,

Telephone
Gerrard 5595

Enoch House, 58, Gt. Marlborough St., London, W.1.
and at Paris, New York and Toronto.



Three Important Works

FOR MUSIC LOVERS.

Reminiscences of Henry Coward.

MILLIONS of People in all parts of the English-Speaking World have seen Dr. Coward conducting his choirs. Few, however, know the story of his life. In this book he tells it in a frank and lively style, sustaining interest from start to finish. How he "won through" all the difficulties of early boyhood makes an inspiring narrative. To some readers the most interesting part is the records of a musical professional life begun in his fortieth year. Everybody who reads the book will value the shrewd advice to young aspirants and the revelations of the business side of concert giving. For the first time the full story is told of choral tours in Germany (twice), Canada, and round the world. And there are accounts of some of the finest choral societies in the country, including those conducted by Dr. Coward at Sheffield, Glasgow, Preston, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Leeds, Huddersfield, Derby, Hull and London.

CURWEN EDITION 5804.

PRICE 10/- NET CASH

Cyclopædic Dictionary of Music by Dr. Ralph Dunstan

A MONUMENTAL work which has occupied the Author many years, and is now in its third edition having been thoroughly revised, and over 1000 new entries made. Its motto is "everything about something" "something about everything." It comprises 15,225 musical terms and phrases, 6,200 biographical notices of musicians, and 500 special articles in the form of concise essays on musical topics. Over 1,250 books are named in the bibliography, and there is an English-Italian vocabulary, a list of notable quotations, hints on Italian and German pronunciation and several useful charts and tables. Altogether there are over 25,000 entries.

CURWEN EDITION 5620.

PRICE 15/6 NET CASH


Shakespeare Music by E. W. Naylor, Mus.D.

A COLLECTION of contemporary and earlier music, pictures, and description, serving as an introduction to the Elizabethan music. Mr. Charles Kennedy Scott in the annotated programme of a recent concert by the Oriana Madrigal Society writes:—"The idea of this concert was suggested largely by this book, which is warmly recommended to those who wish to gain a knowledge of the music of this period in many of its less known aspects."

CURWEN EDITION 5736.

PRICE 7/6 NET CASH

London: J. CURWEN & SONS, Ltd., 24, Berners Street, W. 1.



NEW · SONGS

BERNARD, ANTHONY	Two Songs	3/-
	1. Tears.	
	2. The Little Rain.	
BRIDGE, FRANK	Into Her Keeping	2/-
	What Shall I Your True-Love Tell? ...	2/-
	The Last Invocation	2/-
	'Tis but a Week	2/-
DELIUS, FREDERIC	It was a Lover and His Lass	2/-
	Spring, the Sweet Spring	2/-
	So White, So Soft, So Sweet is She ...	2/-
	To Daffodils	2/-
HOWELLS, HERBERT	Album of Four Songs	3/-
	1. There was a Maiden.	
	2. A Madrigal.	
	3. Girl's Song.	
	4. A Widow Bird.	
IRELAND, JOHN	The Three Ravens	2/-
	Hawthorn Time	2/-
ROGERS, WINTHROP	To a Waterfowl	2/-
	The River Mist	2/-
	Old Floyd Ireson	2/-
WARLOCK, PETER	As Ever I Saw	2/-
	My G'ostly Fader	2/-
	The Bayley Berith the Bell Away ...	2/-
	Lullaby	2/-
	Take, O Take Those Lips Away	2/-
	Dedication	2/-

Winthrop Rogers, Ltd.

18, Berners Street,
London, W.1.

New York:
G. Schirmer, Inc.
Harold Flammer, Inc.

Boston:
The Boston Music Co.
The Oliver Ditson Company

GOODWIN & TABB, LTD.,

offer for Sale a large
collection of

Musical Literature

from which the following examples have been selected. These copies are for the most part new, and a great number are now practically unobtainable elsewhere. Offered subject to being unsold on receipt of order, which must be accompanied by a remittance, with 5 per cent. added for postage.

LISTS OF ALL KINDS OF MUSIC AND BOOKS ON MUSICAL SUBJECTS NOW READY
AND IN PREPARATION WILL BE FORWARDED ON REQUEST.

List No. 19.

Lexicons, Academical Works & Collections.

Eitner, R., Quellen-Lexikon in 10 vols., cloth (B. and H., 1901-4) ...	10 0 0
Zeitschrift der Internationalen Musikgesellschaft, 10 vols., cloth, 1899-1900 to 1908-1909 (B. & H.)	7 10 0
Vierteljahrsschrift für Musikwissenschaft, 10 vols., cloth, 1885-1894 (B. and H.) ...	7 10 0
Erk und Bohmer, Deutscher Liederhort, 3 vols., cloth, 1893-1894 (B. and H.) ...	2 10 0
Müller-Reuter, F., Lexikon der Deutschen Konzertliteratur, half-calf (Leipzig, 1909) ...	15 0
Baker, Theo. Biographical Dictionary of Musicians cloth (Schreiner 1900 with Supplement 1905) ...	15 0
Catalogue de la Bibliothèque du Conservatoire Royal de Musique de Bruxelles (Wotquenne) 4 vols. (Brussels, 1895-1908) ...	2 10 0
Catalogo della Biblioteca del Vico Musicale di Bologna (Gaspari) 4 vols. (Bologna 1890-1905) ...	2 10 0
Riemann, Hugo, Opern Handbuch, cloth (Leipzig) ...	12 6

Histories, Biographies, Collected Writings.

Oxford History of Music in 6 vols., cloth gilt (Clarendon Press) ...	5 0 0
Naumann, Emil. History of Music in 5 vols., cloth gilt (Cassell) ...	1 5 0
Liszt, Franz. Gesammelten Schriften, 7 vols., cloth gilt (B. and H.) ...	2 5 0
Liszt, Franz. Gesammelten Schriften, 4 vols. in 2, (B. and H.) cloth, Hf.- Morocco ...	1 5 0
Wagner, R. Sämtliche Schriften und Dichtungen 12 vols. in 6, Volksausgabe, cloth (B. and H.) ...	3 13 6
Berlioz, H., Mémoires de. Large 8vo, boards (Lévy, 1870) ...	1 1 0
Brahms, J., Life of. By Florence May, 2 vols., (Arnold, 1905) ...	15 0
Brahms, J., Von Max Kalbeck, vol. I. (1833-1862) (Leipzig, 1904) ...	7 6
Bruckner, A., von Rudolf Louis (Leipzig) ...	5 0
Cherubini. Memorials by Edward Bellas (Cornish) ...	7 6
Chopin, F., als Mensch und als Musiker, von Fr. Niecks, 2 vols. (Leuckart, 1890) ...	1 1 0
Garcia, The Centenarian and his Times, by M. S. Mackinlay (Blackwood, 1908) ...	10 6
Grieg, Biographie (Schjelderup und Niemann) (Peters) ...	8 0
Grieg and his Music, by H. T. Finck (Lane, 1909) ...	6 0
Grove, Sir G. Life and Letters, by C. L. Graves (Macmillan, 1903) ...	7 6
Halle, Sir C., Life & Letters of (Smith Elder, 1896) ...	10 6
Handel, by R. A. Streatfield (Methuen) ...	2 0
Handel & his Orbit, by G. B. Robinson (London 1908) ...	6 0
Handel, the Life of, by Schorcher ...	5 0
Hopkinson, Francis and James Lyon, by G. O. Sonneck (two Studies in early American Music) No. 103 of 200 copies printed (Washington 1905) ...	1 1 0
Haydn, J. Handschriftliches Tagebuch (aus der Zeit in London) full morocco gilt, B. & H. 1909 ...	12 6
Haydn, J. Von C. F. Pohl, 2 vols. (Berlin 1875-82) ...	10 0
Liszt, Fr. Als Künstler und Mensch, von L. Raman 2 vols., cloth (B. and H.) ...	1 5 0
Liszt, Fr. Offenbarung von F. H. Clark (Berlin 1907) ...	7 6
Massenet & his Operas, by H. T. Finck (Lane 1910) ...	6 0
Méhul. Sa vie, etc., par A. Pougin (Paris 1893) ...	6 0
Monsigny et son temps, par A. Pougin (Paris 1908) ...	6 0
Mozart, von Otto Jahn, 2 vols., half l'thr (B. & H. 1889-91) ...	2 2 0
Paganini. Leben und Treiben, etc., von J. M. Schottky (Prag, 1890) ...	6 0
Poupinier, La. et la Musique de Chambre du XVIIIe Siècle (Paris 1913) ...	12 6
Spohr, L. Selbstbiographie, 2 vols. cloth (Wigand 1860-61) ...	9 0

Histories, Biographies, Collected Writings— CONTINUED.

Tschalkowsky, P. I. Das Leben, von Modest Tschalkowsky, translated by Paul Juon, 2 vols. cloth (Jurgenson 1903) ...	1 1 0
Wagner, R. Mein Leben, 2 vols. cloth gilt (München 1911) ...	1 5 0
Wagner, R. Erinnerungen von Angelo Neumann (Leipzig 1907) ...	6 0
Wagner, Siegfried und Seine Kunst, von Glase-napp, quarto (B. and H. 1911) ...	17 6
Weber, C. M. von. Ein Lebensbild von Max Maria von Weber 3 vols. cloth (Leipzig 1864) ...	15 0
Wolf, Hugo von Ernest Newman (von Hase), leather (B. and H. 1910) ...	7 6

Letters.

Beethoven. Sämtliche Briefe, Herausgegeben von Dr. Fritz Prelinger, 2 vols. cloth (Wien 1907) ...	15 0
Beethoven. Briefe Herausgegeben von Dr. Ludwig Nohl 4 vols. cloth (Cotta 1865) ...	12 0
Beethoven. Sämtliche Briefe (Kalischer), 6 vols. mixed binding (Berlin 1906) ...	1 10 0
Brahms, Letters of, by Max Kalbeck (Murray 1909) ...	7 6
Bulow, H. von. Early Correspondence, translated by C. Bache (Unwin 1896) ...	10 6
Bulow, H. von. Briefe, Herausgegeben von M. von Bülow, 7 vols. cloth gilt (B. and H. 1899) ...	3 3 0
Chopin. Gesammelte Briefe (Scharlitt), cloth gilt (B. and H. 1911) ...	10 0
Liszt, Fr., Letters, edited by la Mara, translated by C. Bache, cloth gilt, 2 vols. (London 1894) ...	12 6
Liszt, Fr. Briefe, Herausgegeben von la Mara, 4 vols. cloth gilt (B. and H.) ...	1 10 0
Mozart. Briefe (Nohl), (B. and H. 1877) ...	7 6
Schumann. Jugendbriefe (Clara Schumann) (B. & H.) ...	7 0
Wagner. Briefwechsel Zwischen Wagner und Liszt 2 vols. cloth (B. and H.) ...	15 0
Wagner. Family Letters (W. Ashton Ellis) (Macmillan 1911) ...	7 6

Theoretical & Instructional.

Berlioz, H. Grand Traité d'Instrumentation, calf gilt (Paris) ...	2 2 0
Beyschlag, A. Die Ornamentik der Musik (B. and H. 1908) ...	1 0 0
Rimsky-Korsakow. Lehrbuch der Harmonie (Leipzig 1895) ...	7 6
Proux, Ebenzer. Theoretical Works, complete in 13 vols. (Augener) 2 12 6 Single vols. at ...	5 0
Jadassohn, S. Manual of Harmony ...	5 0
Riemann. Textbook of Counterpoint ...	5 0
Matthay, T. The Act of Touch ...	6 0
Grieg, J. Musical Educator, 5 vols. cloth (Jack 1895) ...	1 0 0

Analytical & General.

Music Loan Exhibition. Fishmonger's Hall, 1904 Illustrated Catalogue of (Novello 1909) ...	1 1 0
Bachmann, A. Les Grands Violinistes du Passé, folio (Paris 1913) ...	2 2 0
Forsyth, G. Music & Nationalism (Macmillan 1911) ...	5 0
Wallace, W. The Musical Faculty (Macmillan 1914) ...	0
Wallace, W. The Threshold of Music (Macmillan 1908) ...	4 0
Dent, E. J. Mozart's Operas (Chatto and Windus) ...	7 6
Coerne, L. A. The Evolution of Modern Orchestration (New York 1908) ...	5 0
Niecks, Fr. Programme Music (Novello) ...	10 6
Sonneck, O. G. Early Concert Life in America 1735-1800 (B. and H. 1907) ...	7 6
Tesi. The Italian School of Florid Song (Reeves 1905) ...	4 0

GOODWIN and TABB, Ltd., 34, PERCY STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

Celebrated Compositions

BY EDWARD ELGAR

Carillon For Piano Solo (with or without text), Organ, Orchestra and Octuor.

"A masterpiece of its class."—*Reverber.*

"One of Sir Edward Elgar's loftiest utterances."—*Daily News.*

Carissima For Piano Solo, Violin and Piano, 'Cello and Piano, Organ, Full Orchestra and Septet.

"The hand of Elgar is as clear here as in 'Gerontius,' and though the piece is but a trifle, it is a trifle of a master hand."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Rosemary For Piano Solo, Violin and Piano, 'Cello and Piano, Organ, Full Orchestra and Septet.

("That's for Remembrance.")

"A charming little piece . . . It is simple in construction and offers no kind of technical difficulty."—*Daily Telegraph.*

The Starlight Express.

Pianoforte Suite, complete 3 6 Net cash

Songs of the Organ Grinder:—

1. To the Children B \flat (C to E) and C . . . 2 0
2. The Blue-Eyes Fairy E \flat (B \flat to E \flat) and F . . . 2 0
3. My Old Tunes B \flat (D to E \flat) and C . . . 2 0

Complete List Post Free on Application.

CYRIL SCOTT

NEW PIANOFORTE SOLOS

	Price net
Consolation	2 0
First Bagatelle	2 0
Caprice Chinois	2 0

Played by Mark Hambourg.

Twilight Tide 2 0

Two Pastorals:—

1. Allegretto 2 0

2. Con Delicatezza 2 0

Rondeau de Concert 4 0

Played by Moszewitch.

NEW SONGS

Sea Fret C (D to D \sharp) 2 0

and E \flat 2 0

She's but a Lassie Yet 2 0

E \flat (D to E \flat) and F 2 0

Songs of a Strolling Minstrel:

1. Oracle E \flat (D to E \flat) & F 2 0

2. Old Loves G (G to E) 2 0

and A 2 0

Sunshine & Dusk. Two keys 2 0

Time o' Day. Two keys 2 0

"Mr. Cyril Scott remains one of the most strikingly interesting personalities in British music."—*Daily Telegraph.*

GRANVILLE BANTOCK

SONGS FROM THE CHINESE:

A Feast of Lanterns.

B \flat , C (E to G) and D

From the Tomb of an Unknown Woman. G, A (B to F) and B

Adrift. A, B (F \sharp to G) and C

Yung-Yang. D (D to F) and E

PRICE:

EACH 2/- NET.

" In Four Songs from the Chinese, Mr. Bantock has produced four numbers which are 'art songs' in the best sense of the term. They are delightful things, and they have the inestimable advantage of being well within the compass of the intelligent amateur who has imagination and a fair knowledge of music. The series can be confidently recommended to those who have a soul above the ballad cult. Indeed, it is songs like these that make the reviewer's task a joy."

—*Daily Express.*

ELKIN & Co., Ltd., 8 & 10, Beak Street, Regent Street, W.1.

G. RICORDI AND CO'S PUBLICATIONS

SUITABLE FOR

Xmas. & New Year Presents

Why not send a Vocal Score of one of the following Operas?

<i>Aida</i>	<i>Verdi</i>	<i>Manon Lescaut</i>	<i>Puccini</i>
<i>Alceste</i>	<i>Gluck</i>	<i>Nail</i>	<i>Isidore de Lara</i>
<i>Francesca da Rimini</i>	<i>Zandonai</i>	<i>Rigoletto</i>	<i>Verdi</i>
<i>Gianni Schicchi</i>	<i>Puccini</i>	<i>Simon Boccanegra</i>	<i>Verdi</i>
<i>Il Tabarro</i>	<i>Puccini</i>	<i>Suor Angelica</i>	<i>Puccini</i>
<i>Il Trovatore</i>	<i>Verdi</i>	<i>Samson and Delilah</i>	<i>Saint-Saens</i>
<i>Iris</i>	<i>Mascagni</i>	<i>Tosca</i>	<i>Puccini</i>
<i>La Boheme</i>	<i>Puccini</i>	<i>Tess</i>	<i>F. d'Erlanger</i>
<i>La Traviata</i>	<i>Verdi</i>	<i>Thérèse</i>	<i>Massenet</i>
<i>Louise</i>	<i>Charpentier</i>	<i>Thais</i>	<i>Massenet</i>
<i>Madam Butterfly</i>	<i>Puccini</i>	<i>Un Ballo in Maschera</i>	<i>Verdi</i>

NEW SONG *by* GIACOMO PUCCINI

"A LITTLE BIRDIE"

(EL'UCCELLINO)

IN THREE KEYS C, D (Original), and F (Compass F to F),

Sung by LENGHI CELLINI *and The Great British Tenor*

CECIL SHERWOOD.

Price 2/- by Post 2/1½d.

SONGS SUNG BY THE

GREAT MELBA.

"Mattinata"	<i>F. Paolo Tosti</i>
"I am not Fair"	<i>F. Paolo Tosti</i>
"La Serenata"	<i>F. Paolo Tosti</i>
"Love's Way"	<i>F. Paolo Tosti</i>
"John Anderson, My Jo"	<i>M. V. White</i>
"They call me Mimi"	<i>G. Puccini</i>
"Salce & Ave Maria" ("Otello")	<i>Verdi</i>

Price 2/- each net, by post 2/1½d.

SONGS SUNG BY

THOMAS BURKE.

"The Young Warrior"	<i>H. T. Burleigh</i>
"Dear old Pal of Mine"	<i>Gitz Rice</i>
"Ridonami la Calma"	<i>F. Paolo Tosti</i>
"L'Ultima Canzone"	<i>F. Paolo Tosti</i>
"La Mia Canzone"	<i>F. Paolo Tosti</i>
"Recondita Armonia"	<i>G. Puccini</i>
"E' Lucevan le Stelle"	<i>G. Puccini</i>

Price 2/- each net, by post 2/1½d.

G. RICORDI & CO. 265, REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W. 1.



The choice of a famous musician

PADEREWSKI: probably the most famous pianist of the age—chose the Weber Piano for professional use. He describes its qualities as "positive perfection of mechanism, exceptionally easy production of tone, beautiful singing quality and marvellous clearness."

What better testimony could you ask as to the piano best suited to your home. It means the most critical musician you know could not find fault with your choice.

The Weber Piano

IS THE GREATEST ENGLISH PIANO

If you could visit the Weber factories and notice the care with which the material is selected and the rare craftsmanship which is put into every separate part, you would realize that the Weber Piano could not possibly be other than an instrument of more than ordinary qualities.

A full selection of Weber Pianos is always in our Showrooms. We offer special facilities for you to purchase any model of this famous piano upon the instalment system.

THE AEOLIAN CO., LTD.

(Formerly the Orchestrals Co.),

AEOLIAN HALL,

131-7, NEW BOND STREET,
LONDON, W. 1.



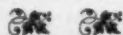


Of Interest to all Musicians

must be the modern development of that wonderful piece of mechanical and artistic genius :—

The Player Piano

We, who have kept abreast of all progress in this sphere of musical enterprise, cordially invite all musicians to our Salons to investigate for themselves the possibilities and the extraordinary *new musical effects* which the latest Player Pianos, fitted with the "Connoisseur" action, will reveal to them.



MURDOCH'S

461-463, OXFORD ST., W. 1.

(MARBLE ARCH TUBE).

Bosworth's Portrait Classics

THE LAST WORD IN REFINED REPRODUCTION OF THE
MASTER WORKS OF MUSIC.

Bosworth Edition	THE FOLLOWING VOLUMES ARE READY.		Portrait Covers, net.	Cloth Bind's, net.
670	BACH, J. S.	Eighteen Little Preludes (Student's Edition)	2 0	—
938	"	First Instructions in Bach. Book I.	2 0	—
939	"	" " " " II.	2 0	—
940	"	Two Part Instructions " " II.	2 0	—
176	BEETHOVEN	Sonatas. (Complete in 1 volume)	10 0	15 0
177	"	Sonatas. Vol. I.	6 0	9 6
178	"	Sonatas. Vol. II.	6 0	9 6
184	"	Album. (13 Favourite Sonatas)	5 0	8 6
849	BRAHMS, J.	Album. (Hungarian Dances)	3 6	—
41	CHOPIN	Mazurkas	4 6	8 6
42	"	Waltzes	2 0	6 6
40	"	Etudes	3 6	—
59	"	Album. (33 Favourite Compositions)	5 0	8 6
38	"	Polonaises (complete)	3 6	6 0
39	"	Nocturnes (complete)	3 6	6 0
319	GRIEG	Album. (36 Favourite Numbers)	3 6	6 0
11	MENDELSSHOHN	Songs Without Words (48 Numbers)	4 0	10 0
122	MOZART	Sonatas (complete)	7 6	—
301	RACHMANINOFF	Album.	2 0	—
978	LIADOW, A.	Biroulki (Play Time)	2 0	—
246	LISZT	Liebestraume (3 Numbers)	1 8	—

"SUPERIOR TO ALL FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS."—*Vide Weekly Times.*

Sold by Music Sellers all over the World, or may be ordered from the Publishers:

BOSWORTH & Co., Ltd., 8, Heddon St., Regent St., London, W. 1.